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A DRAGONLANCE® ADVENTURE

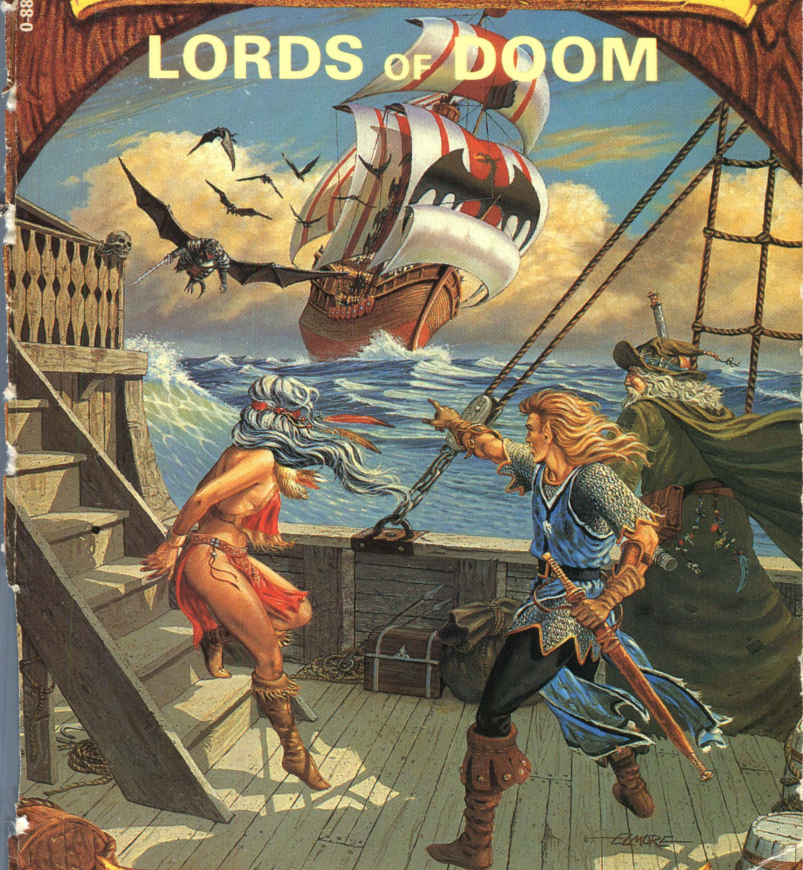


Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®

ADVENTURE **10** GAMEBOOK

LORDS OF DOOM

0-88038-309-7



By Douglas Niles

CHARACTER STATS CARD
LORDS OF DOOM



NAME: Gilthanas of Qualinesti

CHAR. CLASS: Fighter/Magic User

AGE: 254

SKILL POINTS:

Perception: 13 + ____ = ____

Fighting: 14 + ____ = ____

Spellcasting: 1 + ____ = ____

EXPERIENCE POINTS:

3 + ____ = ____

HIT POINTS: 22 + ____ = ____

DISCOVERED BY DRACONIANS!

You are in the world of Krynn—the world of the best-selling DRAGONLANCE™ saga—fighting to defeat the dragonarmies of the Dark Queen.

A draconian stands about six feet away. The hideous half-man, half-dragon soldier of the Dark Queen has apparently stumbled onto you by accident, but it wastes no time recovering from its surprise. It roars toward you in a charge. Although unarmed, the creature is equipped with teeth enough to do considerable harm.

The whole outpost lights up as the door to the blockhouse bursts open. The other draconians, obviously alerted by this one's roar of rage, race out to investigate.

The first monster's teeth chomp into your left arm as you attempt to dodge away! With a savage swing, you slash your sword Quicksilver into the draconian's neck, and you feel the creature stiffen in death.

Turning quickly, you meet the leading draconian of the group rushing toward you and drop it with a deadly cut, but three more of the creatures press you back, stabbing and slicing with a lethal collection of spears and swords!

Will you survive to beat the Dark Queen's minions?

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to 55. If it is less, turn to 33.

Whatever the outcome, only your decisions, and the luck of the dice roll, can help you survive in the
LORDS OF DOOM



An **ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®**
Adventure Gamebook #10

LORDS OF DOOM



Adventure

By Douglas Niles

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TSR, Inc.
PRODUCTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION™

For David James

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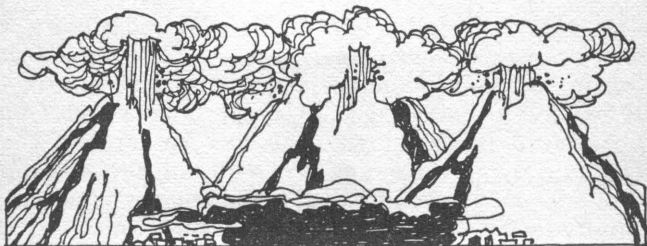
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AN EXCITING NEW EXPERIENCE IN BOOKS!

Welcome, you who will be journeying to the Lords of Doom, to an exciting new concept in role-playing gamebooks.

Based on the popular ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® Game, this adventure requires one standard six-sided die, an ample supply of luck—and, most of all, your skill in making decisions as you play the game. If dice are unavailable, a simple alternative, requiring only paper and pencil, is explained on page 14.

ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® Adventure Gamebooks have been designed to read easily, without complicated rules to slow down the story. Once you have read through the simple rules that follow, you should seldom find it necessary to refer back to them. Your options are repeated clearly in the text at each choice point, with occasional reminders about additional options you may wish to consider to improve your chances. Your adventure reads like a book, plays like a game, and offers a thrill a minute—with YOU as the hero!



YOUR CHARACTER

In this book, you are Gilthanas of Qualinesti, an elf-prince trained as a fighter and magic-user. Although you are still a young adult, you have lived for several centuries, and as an agent and ambassador for your nation, you have visited many of the capitals of your world, Kryn.

The past two years, your adventures have been shaded by the dark backdrop of a war that has raged across the face of Kryn. Forces of dragons and their allies, led by powerful Dragon Highlords, have spread a reign of conquest and terror throughout the world. Even your own nation has been occupied, although most of the elves of Qualinesti escaped westward as refugees.

In light of the war, your recent travels have been a series of life or death adventures. You have had the good fortune to meet up with a small party of travelers who have become your fast companions.



And you have fallen in love. The elf-maid Silvara, a silver-haired vision of perfection, stole your heart during weeks of exhausting fighting and running. When Silvara showed your companions a secret no elf should have known—the key to forging the Dragonlance, a legendary weapon for killing dragons—you were amazed, and curious. When you finally learned the truth, you were shocked.



Silvara is no elf-maid. In her true form, she is a silver dragon! As an elf, it is difficult for you to reconcile even relationships between humans and elves, and the gulf between elf and dragon is many times as wide.

Even thinking of Silvara brings you great pain, and you have vowed never to see her again but instead to throw your entire being into the war against the evil forces defiling your world.

PLAYING THE GAME

ESTABLISHING YOUR CHARACTER

YOUR Gilthanas will be different from everyone else's because you will help to create him.

Carefully tear out the removable **Character Stats Card** at the beginning of this book. This card is your record of what Gilthanas is like. It also doubles as a bookmark.

Since we hope you will play this adventure many times, we suggest that you write on the card in pencil only. That way, your character stats can be erased and changed easily when you are ready to play again. If you have access to a photocopier, you may wish to make several photocopies of the Character Stats Card before you fill it in. Permission is hereby granted by the publisher to make photocopies of the Character Stats Card *only*. Another alternative is to reproduce the card by writing on a 3" x 5" card or a slip of paper.

You are now ready to round out Gilthanas's individual identity by establishing his strengths and weaknesses. Gilthanas's name, age, and character class have already been entered for you. Before you fill out the rest of the card, it is necessary for you to understand the game's scoring system.



SCORING

Playing the game requires that you keep track of three things—**hit points**, **skill points**, and **experience points**—on the tear-out **Character Stats Card** located at the front of this book. An explanation of each of these follows.

HIT POINTS

Hit Points represent your health, or life strength. Your training in fighting has gained you a significant number of hit points, but your practice of magic has prevented you from developing as much as you might have otherwise physically.

To determine the exact number of your hit points, roll one die and add the result to 22. If you roll a 1, 2, 3, or 4 and want to try again, you may, but you **must** accept the result of the second roll, even if it is less than your first roll. Record this number in the blank space labeled “hit points” on the Character Stats Card.

Whenever you are injured, either in a fight or in an accident such as a fall, you lose hit points. The book will tell you when you lose hit points, and how many you lose. Keep track of how many hit points you have left. If your hit points ever reach 0, you die. Your adventure ends immediately, whether the story has finished or not.

There *are* opportunities to recover hit points through healing, magical aid, medical treatment, or rest. The book will tell you when you recover hit points, and how many you recover. It is important to remember that you can never recover more hit points than you started with. During the game, do not erase your original number of hit points, since you may need to refer to this record if Gilthanas is healed.



SKILL POINTS

Your experience as an adventurer, coupled with many years of training, have given you extensive skills. In this adventure, your skills have been divided into three categories: **Perception**, **Fighting**, and **Spellcasting**. These skills, and how to use them, are explained below.

A number, called your skill score, represents your ability in a given skill. The higher the number, the better your skill. You must help determine what your strengths are. Your base skill scores are already written on your Character Stats Card, but in addition you have 7 more skill points to add to your scores. You may divide up the 7 points any way you wish, as long as you add at least 1 skill point to each of the three skills. There is no right or wrong way to divide up your skill points. Study the skills below before deciding, then fill in your final skill scores on the Character Stats Card. Each time you start this adventure anew, you can experiment with different strengths and weaknesses.

Perception

Perception is your ability to notice anything out of the ordinary with any of your senses. It also determines how sensitive you are to the intentions of others and may help to keep someone else from seeing or hearing you. You are extremely alert and observant, and have the ability to move very quietly if need be. Your vision is exceptionally keen.

The book will tell you when to make a Perception check. To make the check, simply roll one die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total equals or exceeds the number given in the book, you are successful.



Fighting

Your adventures have included many a battle, and you have grown adept at combat. As a matter of course, you carry a slender longsword called Quicksilver, a sturdy longbow, and quiver of arrows.

Your sword carries an enchantment granted by a powerful mage centuries earlier, and its ornate handle bears the crest of the Royal House of Qualinesti. Light and supple, yet strong enough to withstand the weight of a smashing battle-ax, Quicksilver is always your weapon of preference.

The book explains when to make a Fighting Check. To make the check, roll one die and add the result to your Fighting skill score. If the total equals or exceeds the number given in the book for that check, you are successful.

Spellcasting

Much of your life has been devoted to the study of the arcane arts, and you have earned a fair degree of competence as a magic-user. You are, of course, no wizard, but you know a smattering of spells, some of which can be deadly to an opponent. A well-timed Fireball spell, for example, has explosively concluded more than one of your combat encounters. Other spells can also improve your chances of surviving.

Unlike your other skills, your spellcasting ability can be used only a limited number of times.

The number of skill points you assign to your spellcasting ability (plus the 1 already marked on the Character Stats Card) is the number of spells you have memorized and, hence, can cast during the adventure. You must mark a spell off on the card each time you use one.

The book will inform you of situations in which you might be able to cast a spell. You must then decide if you wish to use a spellcasting point. If you do, you need to mark off or erase the point from your Character Stats Card. The book will then tell you what to do based on whether or not you used the spell.



EXPERIENCE POINTS

As in real life, experience sometimes increases your chance of success because you have encountered a similar situation before and understand the possibilities that may occur. Experience points can help turn poor dice rolls into successful ones. You can also use up experience points to “purchase” additional spellcasting points, but you must give up 3 experience points to gain 1 spellcasting point. You begin the adventure with 3 experience points and might gain additional experience points during the course of your adventure. These additional experience points are rewards for handling a situation with particular skill.

To use your experience points to improve a die roll, you must decide how many points you will use before rolling the die. You then add those points to your die roll and subtract them from your experience point total. Regardless of how the die roll turns out, the points are used up and must be deducted from your total.

Use your experience points wisely, saving them for critical situations.



PLAYING WITHOUT DICE

Should you wish to play the adventure when dice are unavailable, there is a simple substitute that requires only pencil and paper. Simply write the numbers 1 through 6 on separate pieces of paper and mix them up in a container. When the book tells you to roll a die, simply draw one of the slips and note the number. Be sure to place the slip back into the container before making another “die roll.”

Your character—Gilthanas of Qualinesti—is now complete, and you are ready to begin your adventure. Start on page 15—and good luck!



1

The streets of Palanthus seem strangely subdued, considering the fact that a great victory has just been won here. You, Gilthanas of Qualinesti, played a part in the victory, risking your life in the defense of this ungrateful city.

You were fighting at High Clerist's Keep, the only land approach to Palanthus, with a courageous battalion of Solamnic Knights when they confronted the blue dragons and other forces under the command of the Blue Lady, one of the Dragon Highlords serving the Dark Queen.

The knights fought desperately to hold their fortress, and in the end the ranks of the Blue Lady's legions broke and fled the field. The appearance of a long-vanished ancient weapon, the Dragonlance, helped make the victory possible.

Palanthus was saved, but for what?

Walking along the quiet streets, you feel as much hostility and fear from the citizens of Palanthus as you feel gratitude. Even the knights, weary from battle, were met, not with a parade or a celebration, but with accusations of arousing the wrath of the Highlord. Many citizens of Palanthus would rather throw themselves upon the tender mercy of the Blue

Lady than risk losing their material possessions in war.

You slosh through the melting snow in your leather moccasins, and the cold, wet feeling matches your mood as you plod, brooding, toward the waterfront.

Lord Gunthar, temporary leader of the Knights of Solamnia and a close friend of yours, has told you that another cargo of Dragonlances has arrived in Palanthus. You have been ordered to supervise their unloading.

Palanthus never seems like a cheerful town, but on this gloomy spring day, with a low-hanging mass of gray clouds that swallows even the summit of the ominous black needle known as the Tower of High Sorcery, sadness seems to pour from every doorway.

"Yo, there. Elf!"

A voice from above calls for your attention, and you realize with a start that you have reached the waterfront. The speaker stands aboard a tall, newly arrived merchant ship.

"Do you hail from Ergoth?" you call to the speaker. You know from the man's drooping mustache and the crest of the rose upon his tunic that he must be a Solamnic Knight.

"Aye. Did Gunthar send you?"

"Yes. I'd like to begin unloading immediately," you say, moving right to business because you want to get the precious Dragonlances into the Knights' armory as quickly as possible.

"If you'll first help the passenger debark, we'll get to it," the knight calls in answer.

A narrow gangplank leads steeply upward to the ship's gunwale, and this is where you stand to aid the passenger.

The knight helps a robed figure climb from the hold, and you catch your breath as the robe is cast

back to reveal a cascade of silver hair. Your shock is confirmed as a snow-white cooshee—a husky-like eleven dog—bounds from the hold and leaps nimbly down the gangplank.

Silvara.

Her beautiful blue eyes lock onto yours as she reaches the gangplank. She is biting her lower lip slightly, and you can see the apprehension in her eyes as she forces a hesitant smile.

Your own eyes, you fear, are betraying the pain that comes back as piercing as ever. Your aching love for this woman, coupled with the knowledge of her true nature, twists within you.

Reflexively, you grasp her hand as she descends the gangplank. She moves lightly, with a catlike grace. You cannot picture this slender maid in her actual form: that of Dargent, a silver dragon many centuries older than you.

“W-Welcome,” you stammer. You had vowed never to see her again, and the aching in your chest reminds you of the reason. Certainly, the loveliest things are those you want desperately but can never truly have!

“Hello, Gilthanas.” Her voice is as soft as you remember. “I’m sorry for the shock—I was afraid that if I told you I was coming, you would refuse to see me.”

To yourself, you reluctantly acknowledge the truth of her words.

Dargo, Silvara’s cooshee, bounds through the slush on the docks and then up and down along the beach, obviously overjoyed about his return to land. Finally, he sprints back to his mistress, and sniffs your outstretched hand. His tail wags in recognition.

“I think he’s glad to see you . . . too,” Silvara says, almost in a whisper. She pauses, then speaks again, her voice tense. “Gilthanas, I must speak with you! I

need your help. It's urgent." Her eyes convey her intensity.

"Hey," the sailor calls from the deck. "I thought you wanted to get these things unloaded!"

"Yes . . . certainly," you answer, but your eyes remain glued to Silvara's face.

"Come and see me as soon as you can. Please!" The elfmaid's voice is pleading, bordering on despair. "I will await you at the White Dolphin Inn." Turning, Silvara moves slowly up the street, Dargo at her heels.

The ready hands of the knights crewing the ship aid you in unloading the Dragonlances, and within an hour, you lock the weapons behind the iron doors protecting the armory of the Knights of Solamnia.

Your work done, you must answer the question that you have delayed considering. Should you go to Silvara, and open the doors to your heartache? The brief encounter at the docks was almost more than you could take. The woman you love—the only woman you have ever loved—standing there, beautiful, attractive, and tangible, but for some cruel, unfathomable reason, a dragon—a beast with which you can have no fruitful relationship.

If you wish to hear what Silvara has to say, turn to **201**. If you want to avoid her to save yourself and her the heartache of each other's company, turn to **41**.

2

"Beware," you caution your companions. "I think we are about to be attacked."

With a look of alarm, Silvara draws her sword and studies the surrounding landscape. Fizban scornfully pooh-poohs the threat, but joins Silvara in looking around.

Turn to **76**.

You arise before dawn, and by the time the sun clears the ridge of the Vingaard Mountains, your little expedition has left Palanthus. Silvara and you are both strong from many months of campaigning, and Dargo bounds along as if he doesn't notice the extra weight. The land climbs steadily, and you quickly branch off from any well-traveled roads.

For several days you make your way toward one of the hidden passes shown on your map. The weather remains good, but you notice an increasing chill to the air, and the landscape to either side still slumbers beneath a thick layer of snow.

At one point, your attention is called to an avalanche across the valley from you. You pause, awe-struck, to watch a raging torrent of snow plummet from the lofty crags of the high mountains into the valley below.

Reminded of the powerful forces acting among these mountains, you renew your climb with extra vigilance. The trail works its way steeply upward, with a sheer, snowy slope stretching above you to the right, and a similarly treacherous expanse dropping away to the left. Dargo leads the way. You follow, with Silvara in the rear.

Roll a die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to **23**. If it is less, turn to **63**. Remember, you may add experience points to your total before you roll the die, but you must subtract any experience points used from your Character Stats Card.

You have no idea how much time passes while you suffer in the hold of the Highlord warship. Eventually, a group of draconians opens the hatch and



climbs down to you. They carry manacles and chains.

In moments, you, Fizban, Silvara, and even Dargo are chained together. The draconians haul you to the deck, where you get your first sight of your objective.

The Lords of Doom.

The three volcanoes tower over every other peak in sight. Each belches a steady, thick column of smoke and ash that seems to disperse quickly into an oppressive, low-hanging cloud. In the valley below the three volcanoes lies the filthy city of Sanction.

The cloud cover looms so oppressively that you have no idea whether it is early morning, midday, or dusk.

Only a faint breeze stirs the air, and the warship moves into the port very slowly. After what seems like hours, you finally pull into a berth along the dilapidated Sanction docks.

A dozen draconian guards surround you, including several that are bigger than any dragonmen you have yet encountered. You, Silvara, Fizban, and Dargo are shoved unceremoniously down a gangplank, your guards cursing and ordering you to hurry.

In a few minutes, your forlorn procession passes around a corner on a dingy street, and the waterfront is out of sight behind you. Chains rattling, your feet shuffling along, you reflect wryly that this is probably the worst way in the world to arrive in Sanction!

Turn to 133.

5

You are aching and sore from traveling. You decide to see if drinking the water might help you in some way, so you cup a generous handful to your dry lips and slurp it down. Initially, the water is just cool and refreshing.

And then you sense the magic.

Roll two dice. If you throw two different numbers, turn to 73. If both numbers are the same ("doubles"), turn to 103.



6

You watch in alarm as the strange creature moves toward you with the sword, but you quickly realize that there is nothing threatening in its actions. In fact, he holds the weapon by its blade and extends the hilt toward you. The sword is Quicksilver!

"Thank you," you say, accepting your blade with genuine gratitude.

"The weapon is yours, is it not?"

You realize with some shock that the creature has not made any sound, but that you received his message nonetheless.

"We have your other possessions over here, also. The Little Dragons had them, but we took them away." Once again, the creature speaks directly to your mind, without making any sound. The "Little Dragons," you quickly realize, must be the draconians.

"Thank you for helping us," says Silvara, advancing to claim her own blade. "Who are you?" she continues.

"We are the Shadowpeople," responds the one who returned your sword. "We wish to see the dragons de-

feated, and we know that you seek to do this.”

Obviously, the Shadowpeople have “listened” to your thoughts while you were imprisoned.

“You seek to know of the dragon eggs,” continues the spokesman, stating a fact rather than asking a question. “We will take you to them, after you have rested. Come, let us tend you.”

You see how bedraggled and weak your companions look, and realize that you must be in similar straits. The Shadowpeople prepare a sumptuous meal, which you consume eagerly. Afterward, a group called the “councillors” provides you with a nourishing potion to drink.

Within a few moments after consuming the potion, you feel yourself growing drowsy. Silvara and Fizban, you notice, have already fallen asleep. Although you fight the sensation, you quickly join them.

Some time later, you awaken, feeling refreshed and energetic. You recover 6 hit points.

“We are now well rested. For that we thank you. Can you now please show us the dragon eggs?” you ask the Shadowperson who squats at your side as you awaken.

“Be patient,” the creature communicates, with what feels like a gentle laugh. “The time will be soon.”

Turn to 82.

7

You and the captain heave desperately on the wheel, but even your combined strength is not adequate to overcome the force of the whirlpool. Foaming water pours onto the deck as the ship rocks crazily back and forth. The churning roar of the maelstrom drowns out all other sound.

With a rip like the cracking of thunder, the *Jolly Widow*’s hull splinters, sending masts, deck, and crew flying in all directions. Captain Karyzzal, still

clutching the wheel and cursing the storm, tumbles into the rail of the ship. He flexes his strength against the might of the whirlpool. But the force of nature wins.

First one hand, then the other, pulls free. In an instant, the captain flies into the roiling water and down into the whirlpool.

Just as the captain disappears, another crash sends you hurtling in the opposite direction. Landing in the water, you begin to swim for your life.

The pounding current tugs you backward but the sundering of the ship threw you far out from the vortex. You swim against the current, fighting for every inch, and praying that Silvara has been thrown somewhere safe from the raging waters.

Make a fighting check by rolling a die and adding the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to **83**. If it is less, turn to **117**.

8

"That was a potent spell, indeed. You saved us many wounds, and we thank you."

"Let us continue on, in health," you reply.

Greer leads the way across the room. He quickly wrenches open a heavy door on the opposite side, and you follow him into another torch-lit corridor in the lower level of the temple of Luerkhis. Turn to **110**.

9

"That's a new one," you declare. "A draconian that can shape-shift!"

"I'm glad you decided to be cautious," says Silvara. Her praise warms you in a way that surprises you.

Carefully, with a glance around to be sure you are not being followed, you lead your little group into the slums. Turn to **199**.

You cut two more centipedes in half, but a third reaches your leg. The venomous mandibles cut through your boot and inflict a painful sting. You lose 3 hit points. Proceed to 167.

You are standing watch on the foredeck at noon when all hands are startled by a loud thump, coming from the hull. Dashing quickly to the rail to look for the obstacle, you hear an indignant voice rising from below.

"Confound it!" snarls the voice of a crotchety old man. "Get this tub out of my way, or I'll ram you again!"

Looking down, you are astounded by the sight of a small man in a rowboat. The voice was enough for you to recognize him, but his long, white beard and huge, floppy hat confirm your suspicions.

"Fizban!" you call. "It's me—Gilthanas."

"Eh?" he calls, even as he backpaddles furiously to prepare for another "ramming." "I don't care if you're . . . well, whoever! Move this thing before I get rough!"

Silvara and the captain join you at the rail. Captain Karyzzal stares, dumbfounded, at the spectacle of the man and rowboat in the middle of the Newsea.

"Hold on, old fellow," the captain calls. "Let us pull you aboard."

"Who's bored?" The old man is still cranky. "Oh, well, at least you know how to show some respect!" he continues, as Captain Karyzzal has a rope ladder lowered over the side.

Muttering to himself, the old man climbs to the deck, where he squints carefully in your direction. "Why, hullo, Gilthanas! Why didn't you tell me you

were up here?"

Restraining a smile, you turn to the captain. "Captain Karyzzal, may I present Fizban the Fabulous, wizard extraordinaire . . . and of course, Fizban, you know Silvara." You notice that Silvara's face has gone white at the appearance of the aged magic-user.

"Indeed," she whispers.

"Now, now, child," Fizban says, his wheezing voice becoming sympathetic. "You could look a little more glad to see me. Ah, young folks these days.

"Say," Fizban continues, turning to the captain. "I hate to put you out of your way, but I'm going to have to ask you to change course and get me to Sanction. I have some friends who are going to run into some trouble there, and they'll need my help."

"You're in luck. Sanction just happens to be our next port of call," answers the captain.

"Nonsense!" snorts the mage. "Sanction lies to the north, over there!" Fizban's pointing finger indicates the southwest. The captain is about to make an angry reply when you wink at him and take Fizban by the arm.

"Come along, old friend, and tell us of your travels since we last met."

Turn to 170.

12

"Hobgoblins!" you cry, immediately releasing your arrow. One of the monsters falls, and you hastily shoot another. Dargo leaps at a third, and Silvara steps forward, her longsword already doing its deadly work.

In seconds, a host of the grotesque creatures are pushing in close around you, and you replace your bow with Quicksilver.

"Hobgoblins, eh?" You hear the voice of the old

mage behind you. I've got a spell that'll handle them, no problem! Now, how did that go, again?" Writing an imaginary calculation in the air, the apparently befuddled wizard tries to remember his incantation.

For some reason, the hobgoblins do not bother Fizban, but instead swarm around you, Silvara, and Dargo. With your backs against a broad tree trunk, the three of you fight for your lives against a howling mass of the hideous figures.

"Hailstorm!" cries Fizban, in glee. You cannot keep from cringing ever so slightly, having witnessed more than one of Fizban's spells in the past, but you have no time to deter him.

"Let's see," the wizard continues. "Hail, hail . . . or was that ice? Well, whatever . . . smite, them, O Storm of Might! No, wait, that's HAILstorm of—"

But it's too late.

Lightning illuminates the night, and a booming crash of thunder deafens you. Immediately, the sky pours a deluge of water onto the battle, in a rainstorm heavier than any you have ever experienced.

You and Silvara grasp onto the tree as a quantity of water approximating that from a waterfall soaks and pummels the hobgoblins surrounding you. Water swirls up to your waists and carries the unanchored creatures—and Fizban—into the the streambed and out of sight.

Turn to 171.

13

The draconian deftly avoids your blow. It slams into you, throwing you to the ground. The wind is crushed from your lungs, and you feel the burning where skin has been scraped from your body. You lose 3 hit points.

In moments, the alley is full of draconians. You re-

alize with chagrin that your entire party has been captured!

The draconians quickly disarm all of you, bind you tightly, and then push you off at a trot. Your guards are all huge draconians, and each wears a bright red uniform.

After a few minutes of fast marching, you approach a black and looming fortress on the south side of the city. The huge building looks grim and forbidding. Directly ahead of you stands a massive bronze gate, concealing whatever lies within the dark walls.

Turn to 155.

14

Once again you move on, bitter memories of the water that was so close nagging you, making your thirst even more painful.

Continuing forward, you become weaker with each step. Soon, your march degenerates into a slow trudge.

The next day, and the day after that, the sun beats unmercifully down upon you: four hapless creatures that can barely move across the wasteland of Estwilde.

The day after that, you cannot move at all. Thirst closes your throat and cracks your lips as you lie, motionless, on the brittle and dry grass. You know that this is the end of your grand mission.

Your adventure ends here. The good dragons are still bound by their oath to the Dark Queen. If you would like to try once more to discover the fate of their eggs, you may begin this adventure again, reducing your hit points by 2 for this bitter lesson.

15

Aware that you have little to look forward to in a Highlord's jail cell, you enter the passageway and begin to move quietly forward. You find yourself at one



end of a long tunnel, the interior of which is illuminated by faint torchlight. You see no sign of the individual that opened the door.

With a low growl, Dargo bounds ahead of you and races down the tunnel.

"Come on!" Silvara calls, following after the cooshee as quickly as she can in her weakened state.

Wishing that you could proceed a little more cautiously, you nonetheless start out after the elfmaid at a rapid trot.

"Wait for me!" cries Fizban, hobbling along in the rear.

Just after you start running forward, you hear a creaking sound behind you, and turn to see the secret door swing shut. Turn to 205.



16

You must use a spell to delay at least some of the minotaurs, or you will never be able to save the *Jolly Widow* and her brave crew.

"*Keerah pyros spherias!*" you cry, pointing with your finger to a cluster of minotaurs preparing to cross the nearest boarding plank.

Mark off one spell from your Character Stats Card.

A small, marble-sized ball of crimson floats from your fingertip toward the minotaurs, who are starting to cross the plank. As the tiny ball reaches the nearest minotaur, it blossoms into a huge ball of fire!

Screaming in pain and fear, a half dozen minotaurs leap into the waters of the Newsea to avoid the

scorching effects of your spell. Several others lurch back onto the deck of their own vessel, their bristly hair burning furiously. Even the boarding plank has caught fire, effectively barring any further crossings.

"Gilthanas!" Your head turns at Silvara's cry. "Over here!"

You quickly note that many minotaurs are charging across the other boarding plank, and are beginning to overpower the pair of sailors attempting to hold them back. Even as you leap to aid the two sailors, one falls, pierced by a minotaur's spear.

Springing into the breach, you raise Quicksilver and disembowel the minotaur that just felled the sailor. As the bull-man topples into the sea, you lunge forward and strike at the next minotaur to cross the plank. This one is armed with a trident—a three-pronged pitchfork that can be used to deadly effect in battle. Your swift attack has caught him off guard, however, and he follows his companions into the sea.

"Look out!" shrieks Silvara, pointing with her sword to a minotaur with a huge ax who has just split the skull of the sailor fighting at your side. He is about to leap to the deck of the *Jolly Widow*, and behind him, several of his companions are preparing to move across the plank.

Sidestepping to block the minotaur's path, you cut savagely with Quicksilver, but the bull-man is surprisingly fast. Stepping to the side, he slashes back with his ax, and you just barely duck under the blow.

Again you attack, desperately pressing home your assault. You know that, as long as you hold the minotaur on the narrow plank, none of his fellows can reach the *Jolly Widow*. But the minotaur is skilled with his weapon, and again his vicious slash barely misses you. Poising for a well-timed thrust, you mark your target. The minotaur pauses, expectantly.

And once again you attack!

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to **86**. If it is 19 or less, move on to **135**. Remember, you can add experience points to your total before you roll the die.

17

Again your blade strikes home, piercing the vitals of the hulking draconian. As the monster dies, its flailing claws rake across your forehead, and you lose 3 hit points.

Silvara and Dargo have dispatched the third of the huge draconians, and for a moment you all stand weakly, trying to catch your breath.

"Let's get out of here," you order. Finding a back way out of the alley, you sprint through the streets for several minutes, until you are sure that all pursuers are far behind.

"Well, let's continue on. We'll have to discover some information on our own," you announce. Carefully, with a glance around to make sure you are not followed, you lead your group through the slums.

Move on to **199**.

18

You decide to end this battle as quickly and cleanly as possible, which means that you must use a spell. The frost giant, you know, is vulnerable to a fiery attack, but your most effective spell—Fireball—would also incinerate Dargo.

Instead, you call upon another effective offensive spell: Magic Missile. Pointing your finger directly at the giant's face, you concentrate intently as you utter the magic words.

Magic energy courses through your body, and three dartlike bolts of power burst from your fingertip to

strike the giant squarely in the face. Mark off a spell on your Character Stats Card.

With a howl of rage and pain, the giant stumbles backward, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

"Die, monster!" you cry, leaping forward to take advantage of the creature's confusion. With an equally bloodthirsty cry, Silvara charges at your side.

The battlecries, coupled with the magic and the tenacious grip of the cooshee, prove too much for the giant. He turns and lumbers down the mountainside.

You sigh in relief, knowing the battle is over.

Add 1 experience point to your total, and turn to 31.



19

A draconian falls, impaled on your blade, but another reaches past your guard and bites you savagely. You lose 4 hit points.

The monsters howl all around, but you strive desperately to hold them at bay. Again and again, their gaping jaws come within inches of your bodies, while your swords continue to do their deadly work.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to 125. If it is less, repeat this section.

20

You freeze in shock at a low growl from behind you.

"Who's there?" rasps a guttural voice that can only come from a draconian.

Your reactions are as fast as your thoughts. Leaping to your feet as you draw Quicksilver from its scabbard, you turn to face the draconian who has stumbled onto you.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **116**. If it is less, go to **130**.

Remember, you can add experience points to your total before you roll the die.

21

The guards come into sight a hundred feet up the corridor. Seeing you at the same time you see them, they bellow a challenge and charge.

Not hesitating for a moment, you chant the words to your spell and wave your hand across the corridor. Instantly, a mass of sticky webbing stretches from wall to wall before you, blocking further passage. Mark off a spell from your Character Stats Card.

Growling in frustration, the draconians tear at the magic web, becoming hopelessly entangled in the process. One, ignoring the howls from its comrades, applies a torch to the web. The web, and the entangled draconians, burn quickly, creating a foul smell that causes even the remaining draconians to stagger back. But again the corridor is open before you.

Charging forward, the draconians rush through the opening with their weapons leveled. Drawing your sword, you stand beside Silvara and Greer. You realize, with some nervousness, that Fizban seems to be preparing some kind of spell behind you. Turn to **87**.

22

"Let's turn to the east," you decide. "We'll hug the coast of Caergoth and hope for the best!"

"Aye!" agrees Captain Karyzzal, his eyes twin-

klings. You wonder if he isn't enjoying this voyage more than any he has made in years.

"Prepare to change course!" the captain calls, sending his crew scurrying into the rigging to adjust the sails. The captain himself takes the helm, and the *Jolly Widow* cuts a graceful turn across the sea, finally setting on a course due east.

Luck seems to ride with you, and for a week you keep the rocky coast of Caergoth in view to your left. Not a single sail, other than your own, breaks the calm horizon of the sea.

Soon the little ship must angle south to breast the narrow passage leading into the Newsea. The straight is the only water connecting the Newsea and the oceans of Krynn.

"Looks like you chose wisely," the captain remarks, thoughtfully chewing his pipe as he joins you in the prow. "This is one of the easiest voyages I've made, so far. By tomorrow morning, we'll be in the Newsea!"

Add 1 experience point to your total, and turn to 147.

23

You stop suddenly, studying the snowdrift to your right. You notice that it is unusually lumpy, and does not look as if it was formed by wind.

"Dargo," you whisper. "Come here."

The dog responds quickly, while at the same time you shuck off your pack and draw Quicksilver. Silvara also divests herself of her pack and draws her sword. Dargo shakes his pack, and the three of you stand ready for combat.

"I think something is setting up an ambush," you explain to Silvara.

With a few sharp commands in elven, she orders Dargo forward. The cooshee leaps at the suspicious

snowdrift and starts to dig.

An enraged bellow issues from the snow, and a gigantic creature erupts. Even as the monster swings a huge war hammer that just barely misses the dog, you recognize the creature as a frost giant—one of the savage denizens of these high mountain reaches.

The giant is a formidable foe. For a split second you debate whether to charge it with your sword (43), or attempt to drive it off with one of your precious magic spells (18).

24

You move very cautiously through the underground corridor, but your foot catches against a raised stone. Before you can react, you hear a crashing boom in front of you and another behind.

"It's a trap!" cries Silvara, leaping backward. "We're sealed in!"

Looking quickly around, you see that large rocks have dropped into the corridor before and behind you, effectively locking you in.

Suddenly, you hear a low hissing sound and detect a pungent smell in the air.

"It's gas," you warn. "Hold your breath."

"It's too late . . ." moans Silvara, a moment before she crashes to the floor, unconscious. Dargo and Fizban soon follow.

Desperately, you hold your breath, as you seek a way out of the fiendish trap. Eventually, you must breathe, and as you do, you feel yourself slipping into darkness. Move on to 207.

25

Whatever the business of these bandits, you cannot risk telling them the truth about your mission. You make up a story as you tell it.

"We journey to Sanction," you begin, hoping that

you sound more confident than you feel. "We wish to beg a favor of the Dragon Highlords," you continue. "We are poor farmers, and the burden of taxes is about to ruin us. We wish to beg for an opportunity to keep only enough of our crops to allow us to survive."

You anxiously watch the bandits' reactions. Two scruffy-looking warriors consult with the leader in hushed tones. Finally, the big man turns to you.

"We are no friends of the Highlords," states the tall man. "You may go on your way, but I warn you not to expect any sympathy from those tyrants."

Your heart swells with relief, and you are about to march up the trail when a thought occurs to you. These men seem to be enemies of your enemies. Perhaps, if you told them the truth, they might be able to help you. Yet they have given you leave to go, and your sense of caution warns that it might be wise to leave while you have the opportunity.

If you decide to tell these men your true mission, turn to 146. If, instead, you want to move on immediately, turn to 61.

26

Suddenly, you realize that other beings occupy the hallway with you and the centipedes. The slithering creatures are quickly decimated by an attack from behind them. You can just barely make out the figures of a number of humanlike beings slashing forward with long, hooked weapons, cutting quickly through the horde of giant centipedes. In moments, the last of the crawling monsters has disappeared into the shadows or died beneath the unusual weapons of your mysterious rescuers.

Warily, you look at the newcomers. Your elvensight allows you to see them, even in the darkness. Before you stand six tall creatures. Although at first you

thought they were humanlike, you see now that they more closely resemble monkeys than humans.

They have broad, hairy faces and are covered with fur. Their arms and legs are connected by a long, thin membrane not unlike the “wing” of a flying squirrel. They look very warlike.

As you study them, one takes a step toward you. Turn to 38.

27

Scarcely daring to breathe, you and Silvara lead the party down the corridor away from the egg rooms and toward the source of the sinister chanting.

Ahead, you see a chamber off to the side. From this chamber, the reddish glow of firelight spills into the corridor. The chanting seems to come from within.

Moving stealthily, you, Silvara, and Greer advance toward the chamber and look around the corner. The room before you stretches for a hundred feet or more. Huge firepots illuminate the scene with a nightmarish glow.

In the center of the room stands a slime-covered platform that looks like some kind of altar. As you watch, spellbound, a hideously wrinkled cleric carries a brass dragon egg to this altar, and lays it there.

Opposite the cleric squats a red dragon, greedily eyeing the egg. A trickle of slimy drool runs from the dragon’s jaws onto the altar, unnoticed. From the shadows at the rear of the room, another human advances. From his garb, you guess that he is a magic user. The dragon and the two humans begin to chant with a low, keening sound that gradually increases in intensity.

A shroud of darkness settles over the egg. Then, the formerly shiny orb begins to expand, its shape distorting grotesquely. Cracks appear in the surface,



and black slime oozes from the cracks. When the egg has grown to twice its original size it cracks open.

And gives birth to draconians!

"No!" Silvara's voice erupts in a strangled gasp.

Fortunately, the creatures at the altar do not notice. Stumbling backward, your stomach churning with revulsion at the desecration, you pull Silvara and Greer away from the entrance.

If you fought the dragon guarding these eggs, go to 153. If, instead, you talked to Cymbal, turn to 62.

28

You move cautiously among the crowded buildings of the slums, alert for any sign of pursuit. All you see are the arrogant, bullying soldiers of the dragonarmies going about their business, and the cowed, submissive citizens of Sanction.

"Gilthanas, we'll have to rest soon," says Silvara.

"Let's get a room in one of these inns," you answer, indicating one of the many establishments along the narrow avenue.

With relatively little effort, you find a place that doesn't contain too many soldiers, and rent a shabby room, using coins you have kept in a small pouch laced tightly to your person. Even though you have to sleep on tattered mats on the floor, the rest does you all good. The next morning, you prepare to scout Sanction in earnest.

Emerging from the inn, you find yourselves again under the cloudy, oppressive black sky.

"Let's see if we can find a place where we can get a look at the whole city," you suggest. The others nod in agreement, and once again you make your way through the mazelike slums.

"Psst—hey, you . . ."

The whisper comes from your right side, and you

see a shrouded beggar standing in the narrow gap between two ramshackle buildings.

"Come here. I want to talk to you—you won't regret it." The figure, a filthy, bearded human, gestures toward you with an emaciated hand.

Silvara looks at you in alarm. Should you see what this bedraggled person wants (108)? Or should you ignore him, and move hastily down the alley (69)?



29

You decide that you cannot spare a spell on this battle, so you prepare to meet the draconians with cold steel.

The twelve creatures, you can see now, are much larger than any draconians you have encountered before. The weight of the hulking monsters causes the *Black Skull* to rock crazily in the water as they land on the deck. Undaunted, you leap into their midst.

Three of the draconians rush at Silvara, but you and Dargo flank her sides. Suddenly, a fourth strikes you from behind, hurtling you headlong onto the deck. Climbing to your feet, you barely retain a grip on your sword as you slash at the nearest draconian.

Mark off 9 hit points of damage from your Character Stats Card.

Quicksilver bites into the side of one of the draconians with murderous force, stretching the creature

out on the deck. There are so many of the monsters, though, that it doesn't seem possible to fight them all.

Silvara drops another, but yet another rushes toward you. Ducking under the vicious claws, you strike again with your elven blade.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, move on to **183**. If it is less, turn to **196**.

30

Enraged by its wounds, the draconian nonetheless avoids your blow and rakes your stomach with its savage claws. You lose 4 hit points.

Before you can make another attack, one of the Shadowwarriors slays your foe. You see that, with deadly efficiency, your allies have already dispatched all of the draconians. Turn to **8**.

31

With increased vigilance, your little expedition resumes the climb toward the summit of the pass. For three more days you move upward. With each step, the snow gets deeper and the landscape more bleak.

Donning snowshoes, you and Silvara must now lead the way, with Dargo floundering along in your tracks as best he can. Forbidding crags tower above you on all sides, and the trail is often virtually indistinguishable.

The climb is struggle enough, so you are startled when Silvara's voice breaks the near silence of the inhospitable stretch of wilderness. "Gilthanas . . . I can't shake the feeling that something terrible is happening to the good dragon eggs." Concern and urgency are apparent in her breathless voice.

You turn to look at her, and she continues. "The nightmare . . . We must bring the terror to an end!"

You consider your adversary, the Queen of Dark-

ness. You know that there is nothing she would not do to keep the good dragons from entering the war against her, but you and Silvara hardly seem like the material to take on the forces of the supremely powerful, supremely evil queen.

"We will do what we can," you say tentatively, aware that your answer is not what Silvara wanted to hear. "We will succeed!" you tag on, but it sounds lame, even to you. Turn to 90.

32

Your courageous band charges the dragon, and the monster turns its breath onto another Shadowwarrior. This brave fighter also dies instantly.

And then you press in close to the beast. Its fangs bite into the shoulder of another warrior, while it reaches out and brushes you aside with its claws as if you were an insect. You lose 6 hit points.

If your hit points have dropped to 0 or less, your adventure ends here. If you are still well enough to go on, turn to 158.

33

The draconians press in closer, but you stab another. As the creature gasps and dies, its body turns to stone and crashes to the ground. You have seen this phenomenon among draconians before, but this time it has a new twist: as the draconian falls, it pulls Quicksilver from your hand!

Disarmed, you stand no chance in the fight. In seconds, a barbed speartip is pressed against your throat.

"Drop your sword!" grunts a draconian to Silvara. "Or the elf dies!" With a look of abject helplessness, the elfmaid complies. In seconds you have been bound, and the draconians throw you into a small cell in the stone blockhouse. Silvara and a muzzled

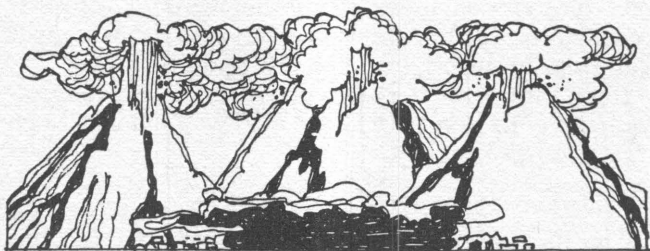
Dargo are imprisoned with you, as well. Turn to **122**.

34

Your cut misses the charging draconian by less than an inch, but his claws are more accurate. As a vicious claw slashes across your forehead, you stagger backward. Blood running into your eyes partially blinds you, but you struggle to recover. You lose 4 hit points.

The draconian swiftly follows up with another charge, and again you prepare to meet it. Quicksilver at the ready, you strike for the draconian's throat.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **212**. If it is less, turn to **13**.



35

"Can't . . . go . . . on . . ." gasps Silvara, closing her sunburned eyelids. You realize that the elfmaid will not survive much longer without food and water, and neither will you. You must try to attract the attention of the passing ship, even though it is probably hostile. Balancing precariously on the little raft, you stand and wave your arms.

"Help! Over here!" you call frantically, striving desperately to be seen.

Your hopes, and perhaps fears, are rewarded as the

vessel slows and turns toward you. As it glides nearer, you recognize the creatures standing along the rail, glaring down at you.

Draconians. These lizardlike creatures seem to be half man and half dragon. They make up most of the troops in the armies of the Dragon Highlords. And in fact, you can now see, standing on the raised deck at the stern, a grotesquely masked human who can only be one of the Highlords.

As the ship comes aside, a ladder drops down. A huge draconian hisses at you. "Come along, now, and be quick about it . . . very nice."

Silvara somehow finds the strength to stand, and you help her up the ladder. Then, carrying Dargo over your shoulder, you struggle to reach the deck yourself. The Highlord stalks over and gazes down at you imperiously, his beady eyes flashing behind the hideous mask.

"Who are you?" he demands. "What are you doing in Newsea?"

You are about to make up a reply when you are startled by a voice from behind the Highlord.

"Here now, it's all right. They're with me!" The speaker is an old man with an immense expanse of white whiskers and flowing white hair barely concealed under a huge and floppy hat.

"Fizban!" you and Silvara say together in rasping voices, shocked at the sight of the strange old wizard who accompanied you on previous adventures.

The Highlord's reaction is not one of shock, but of rage. "How did you get out here?" he bellows. "Gnarf, I told you to keep this fool locked up below deck!"

Gnarf is a very unhappy-looking draconian. "Your worship," he wheezes. "I swear that I did! He was bound and chained, and sealed in that hold!"

The sniveling draconian points to a hatch on the deck, buried beneath several heavy kegs. "See, it has not been opened!"

"Never mind!" The Highlord cuffs Gnarf in the face. "Throw them all in the hold. This time, if he gets out, or any of the others, it'll mean your hide."

You swear that Gnarf's scaly visage grows just a bit paler as he herds you roughly toward the hold.

Proceed to 156.

36

"That was . . . close," you say, still breathing heavily. "Are you okay, Fizban?"

"Why, of course. Wonderful chase, lad! How old do you think—"

"They seem to keep a pretty good lookout around that building," interrupts Silvara. "Perhaps we should try one of the others first."

"Agreed," you reply.

You remember the ruined temple to the northwest and the dragonlike temple to the northeast. One of these might offer a more likely starting point for your search. But which one?

If you decide to explore the ruined temple, turn to 182. If, instead, you wish to investigate the dragon building, turn to 216.



For weeks you march steadily eastward. The snowy valleys of the Vingaard Mountains soon give way to the Solamnic Plain. Maintaining strict caution and vigilance, you move carefully across the brown grasslands. Bands of ogres, draconians, and hobgoblins frequently pass nearby, but so far you have successfully escaped detection.

Finally you enter the narrow strip of plains known as Throtyl.

A night, five weeks into your journey, finds you camped in the shelter of a grove of scrubby trees near the bank of a shallow stream. Weary from the many days of travel, you assign the watch rotation. Silvara and Fizban fall quickly to sleep, while you struggle to remain alert through the first watch.

Roll a die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to 181. If it is less, turn to 134.

“We are friends.” You realize with a shock that the creature has made no sound, yet you heard his message clearly in your mind.

“Did you hear that?” you ask Silvara, who nods mutely.

“Thank you for your help,” you reply. “But why did you join our fight?”

“We are the Shadowpeople.” Again, the unspoken message arrives in your mind. “We wish to see the dragons go away, and we know that you wish this also. We want to help you.”

Obviously, these creatures can “listen” to your thoughts, as well as speak telepathically. They seem to know something of your mission.

“We wish to find the eggs of the good dragons,” you

explain. "Eggs of gold, silver, copper, and bronze. Do you know of them?"

"We will take you to them," responds the leader. "But first, drink this." The Shadowperson gives you a cup of sweet-tasting broth. As you drink, strength flows back into your veins. You regain 6 hit points.

Scarcely believing your good fortune, you follow the Shadowpeople through a series of hallways and down a long stairway. Once underground, the creatures lead you through a long tunnel, and you know you now pass underneath the city of Sanction.

Turn to 186.

39

Suddenly, you hear footsteps. You hug the ground and listen carefully. Another draconian is outside.

The creature walks in front of you, less than ten yards away. Scarcely daring to breathe, you watch as



it goes up to the draconian standing guard. The two monsters converse briefly in their low, guttural voices, but the second draconian soon retraces its steps toward the building and disappears inside.

Relaxing again, you crawl forward and reach the well. The guard moves toward the other side of the compound, allowing you to hastily fill your waterskins.

Once more the guard passes, patrolling regularly around the outpost. As he moves away, you quickly scuttle back to your companions.

"All set," you whisper. "I had a close call, but they didn't see me!"

"Let's get away from here," says Silvara.

You all agree that leaving the area is a fine idea, so you waste no more time in talk. Staying low until you have passed around the draconian outpost, you move quickly across the starlit plains of Estwilde.

Gain 1 experience point. Turn to **192**.

40

Suddenly, a blast of magic energy erupts before you, sending you sprawling flat on the floor. You lose 6 hit points. The charred bodies of two Shadowwarriors lie beside you.

Leaping to your feet, rage mercifully clouding your sense of pain, you again rush at the magic-user.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 22 or more, move on to **218**. If it is less, repeat this section.

If, as a result of repeated attacks, your hit points drop to 0 or less, your adventure ends here.

41

You decide that avoiding Silvara is the best way to put your pain behind you, but you know as you stalk back to your room at the barracks that the wound you

thought was healing has been reopened.

Once in your quarters, you don a suit of practice armor and enter the practice room. Although not a true member of the Knights of Solamnia, your work as an ally has earned you rights equivalent to an officer of the order.

Several young knights stand around a pair who practice their techniques with the longsword. The larger of the two knights easily disarms and defeats his opponent. Muscles ripple beneath his practice armor, and his face is locked in a belligerent sneer.

"Any more challengers?" the big knight asks, casting looks around at the assembled fighters. When none move, you step forward.

"I'll face you," you say, lifting a practice sword from a nearby rack.

"This is a high honor!" The knight bows, and raises his sword. "Your swordplay at the Clerist's Keep, it is said, helped carry the day." His voice is slightly sarcastic. Obviously, he does not think much of elven fighting abilities.

Swiftly but clumsily, the knight lunges at you, and you deftly parry the attack. Several more attacks miss, and you find yourself growing bored with the fight already. In one lightning motion, you penetrate the knight's defense and hold the tip of your blade an inch from the man's throat.

You barely acknowledge the admiring bow of your opponent as you leave the practice room.

For an hour you stalk the streets of Palanthus, storming rapidly from one place to the next, with no real destination. Your mind roils in torment, and finally you realize that there is only one solution.

You know that you must go to see Silvara.

A half an hour later, you arrive at the White Dolphin Inn, and the proprietor directs you to a room on

the second floor. The door opens as you approach, and Silvara welcomes you.

"I was so afraid that you would not come. I really could not have blamed you if you had not . . . but thank you."

You enter the room, feeling guilty about your earlier intentions. You should have known Silvara better!

"I cannot deny that your coming has brought to the surface memories I would rather leave buried. But, Silvara . . ." You pause, as your voice catches in your throat. "Silvara, it is good to see you again. How can I help you?"

"It is a long story," she begins, turning to a door at the far end of the room. You notice that it leads to a balcony over a small courtyard. Silvara steps out onto the balcony, and you follow.

Turn to 71.

42

"Get ready," warns Greer, as two of his warriors position themselves at the door. Drawing Quicksilver, you prepare to charge into the room with your allies.

"Now!"

The mental message electrifies you all, and the two brawny warriors smash the door off of its hinges. Beyond, a dozen huge draconians, wearing the red uniforms of the elite guard, turn toward you and instantly charge the door.

In moments, the guardroom is filled with a tangle of thrashing swords and arms. Selecting a target, you thrust your blade at one of the monsters, while it draws a barbed sword to parry your attack.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to 143. If it is less, move on to 102.

43

Hoping that the three of you can dispatch the giant with your weapons, you decide to conserve your magic. Dargo fastens his fangs into the monster's calf as you and Silvara charge forward with your swords.

Bellowing angrily, the giant attempts to kick the dog away from him while defending himself against the pair of swords. The giant's hammer whistles down at your head, while you attempt to strike in under his reach and plunge Quicksilver into his abdomen.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 19 or more, turn to **194**. If it is less, turn to **57**.

44

The full force of the draconian's blow catches you on the side of your head, hurtling you against the cold stone wall. You lose 5 hit points.

If your hit points have dropped to 0 or less, your adventure ends here. If you are still well enough to go on, turn to **180**.



45

As you advance, the old beggar backs into the darkest corner of the alley. You look around quickly, but all you see is a pair of drunks sleeping noisily in another corner.

"Can't be too careful," hisses the old man, looking around nervously.

"What do you want?" you inquire.

"And why did you choose US to talk to?" demands Silvara.

"Because," begins the beggar, "I have something for you . . ."

Suddenly, the beggar throws off his cloak and begins to change shape before your eyes! His face becomes scaly, and his knobby teeth grow into sharp fangs. He grows in size, swiftly towering to a height of at least eight feet. His hands sprout claws, even as they reach for your throat.

"It's a draconian!" you cry, leaping backward and drawing your sword.

"Look out!" screams Silvara, and you whirl in time to see that the two drunks have also turned into draconians. The pair attack you from the rear.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **212**. If it is less, go to **34**.

46

Clambering desperately to your feet, you raise your sword and face the draconian's next attack. Bearing down on you, it attempts to repeat its previous tactic, bringing its heavy sword smashing down upon you and counting on brute force to push your parry out of the way.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **127**. If it is less, move on to **163**.

47

The *Jolly Widow's* crew leaps to defend against the boarders. You join a pair of sailors at the nearest boarding plank, with Silvara and Dargo at your side. You note, out of the corner of your eye, that Fizban is

napping on the foredeck—apparently unbothered by the commotion!

A huge minotaur leads the charge across the plank, his bull face split into a bloodthirsty grin. Bellowing a challenge, the beast impales one of the sailors with a savage thrust of a pike.

You see the opening instantly and slash forward with Quicksilver. Before the minotaur can recover from his thrust, your blade has put an end to his piratical life.

The first bull-man tumbles from the plank, but another takes his place. Parrying a thrust from the new arrival's trident, you force him to stagger backward. Before he can regain his balance, Silvara's sword slashes at his foot and, with a crude bellow, he joins his comrade in the waters of the Newsea.

The next minotaur manages to skewer the sailor standing at your side, and before you can react, the minotaur's battle-ax slashes across your forehead, causing you to stagger back. Subtract 4 hit points. Instantly, Silvara leaps in, and together with the snarling Dargo, sends another bull-man over the side.

Even as you regain your balance, you realize that the fight is lost. The sailors trying to stem the tide at the other boarding plank have all been slain, and a dozen minotaurs pour onto the deck of the *Jolly Widow*. You quickly find yourself surrounded by snarling, evilly leering minotaurs.

One, apparently the captain, swaggers forward and gestures with a bloody trident. "Do you wish to surrender, or die?" he growls. "Choose quickly, elf!"

You eye the grinning, bloodthirsty minotaurs. The odds are stacked heavily against you. Yet, from the tales you have heard of minotaur prisons, you know they are none too savory.

If you wish to surrender, turn to **151**. If you would prefer to continue the fight, move on to **99**.



48

In another minute, the guards come into sight a hundred feet up the corridor. Seeing you at the same time you see them, they bellow a challenge and charge. Drawing your sword, you stand between Silvara and Greer. The draconians charge fanatically, and in moments, the corridor fills with the din of clanging weapons.

Meeting the spear of one of the monsters with a swing of your longsword, you knock the weapon out of the way. Quicksilver stings the monster in the snout, and it backs away with a howl of pain.

Another steps in to replace it, trying to crush you with an enormous broadsword.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to 148. If it is less, move on to 56.

49

The creature's tenacious grip on your arm does not relax, although you try frantically to get free.

"Run, Silvara!" you call, hoping that the elfmaid will at least make good her escape.

With dismay, however, you see her coming to your rescue, even as the other draconians join the one that

holds you so tightly. Despite your mighty struggle, you are borne to earth under the combined weight of the monsters' attacks.

In seconds your hands are bound behind you and you are jerked roughly to your feet. Several feet away, Silvara and Fizban suffer the same fate, and Dargo is muzzled and leashed.

"I'm sorry," murmurs Silvara. "I couldn't leave you to . . ." Her voice trails off.

"I understand," you reply. The warm feeling you have for Silvara rises again, unbidden, and you look at her questioninglly.

"Move!" grunts one of the draconians, pushing you forward.

Lurching down the trail in your constrictive bindings, you once again resume your journey toward Sanction. Only now, your chances of success seem considerably diminished.

Turn to 101.

50

"Move, elf," growls the draconian next to you. "Or you'll soon be dragonfood."

The others laugh raucously at the threat, and the monsters pull your companions up as well. Still groggy, you are marched up the stairs and back into the streets of Sanction. As consciousness gradually returns, you see that your captors are taking you to the black fortresslike temple that stands at the southern edge of the city.

You quickly approach the looming structure, noticing along the way that the other denizens of Sanction seem to leap out of the way of these red-garbed draconians. In another minute they have marched you up to the huge bronze gates of the black building.

Turn to 155.

The strike of your sword drops one of the monsters in its tracks, but two others take advantage of your thrust to slash with their own weapons. Struck in the shoulder and thigh, you stagger backward. You lose 6 hit points.

You and Silvara back toward a thick tree trunk to try and break the circle of hobgoblins around you. Dargo snarls and bites somewhere in the fray, and you have no idea whether Fizban even woke up.

Cutting and slashing with Quicksilver, you wound a couple of hobgoblins, but the yowling, battle-crazed creatures close in more tightly.

Again, roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the result is 20 or more, turn to **128**. If it is less, turn to **96**. Remember, you can add experience points to your total before you roll the die.



"We must move carefully," warns Greer. "The little dragons are common here. Many Shadowpeople have died because they were discovered in this place.

"Do you venture here often?" you think, resisting the impulse to speak aloud.

"Only rarely," comes the response. "And all who enter must be prepared to die, rather than to reveal our secret entrance."

You easily see the wisdom of this harsh policy, for if the draconians discovered a route into the lair of the

Shadowpeople, the whole community would undoubtedly face extermination.

In a few minutes, you arrive at a heavy wooden door. Guttural voices sound from the other side.

"The little dragons are beyond," warns Greer. "We must slay these quickly, and move on. There is no way we can avoid this guardroom."

You grasp the handle of your sword, the tension of imminent battle sending adrenaline coursing through your blood. You pause momentarily to consider your remaining spells. Should you cast a spell to start this battle (119), or join the Shadowpeople in an attack with weapons (42)?

53

"Mad Boris the pirate?" Captain Karyzzal exclaims, grinning. "Why, you could sail this ship right into Sanction harbor, I'll wager!"

"I found a charter from a Highlord—Ariakus—commissioning this ship in the name of the Dark Queen," you explain. "It doesn't say anything about the crew being minotaurs, so we should be able to get a docking permit with no trouble."

Several bold members of the *Jolly Widow's* crew volunteer to accompany you and help sail the smaller *Black Skull*. Captain Karyzzal gives his blessing, although this leaves him with little more than a skeleton crew for the return to Palanthus.

"It's no matter," he says when the last sailor's decision has been made. "It's safer to sail to Palanthus shorthanded than to take the old girl into Sanction with a full crew. Good luck to you!" he concludes sincerely.

The volunteers, six brave seamen, take their stations about the *Black Skull*, along with Silvara. Fizban and Dargo promptly curl up on the foredeck to

resume napping. With some difficulty, the boarding planks are pried loose from the deck of the *Jolly Widow* and hoisted once again into the ready position. With waves of farewell and a last wish of "Good luck!" from the captain and his small crew, the two ships part.

The *Jolly Widow* lumbers through a turn as she reverses course back to the west, but the *Black Skull* fairly leaps forward when the two ships are separated. Within an hour, the large ship drops from sight to the stern, and you once again have the sea to yourself.

A strong trailing wind aids your progress, and for two days the *Black Skull* races eastward. You know you will soon reach the narrow entrance to Sanction Sound, only fifty miles from the port itself.

Indeed, shortly after dawn of your third day on the pirate vessel, you see the looming cliffs to the south that mark one side of the entrance to the sound. At the same time, Silvara calls from her lookout post in the bow: "Gilthanas! A sail, to the left!"

Turning your gaze to follow her directions, you see, at the limit of your vision, the tops of several masts. Obviously, they belong to a very large ship. And even as you watch, the ship swings slowly about to sail toward you.

"It's certain to be the Highlord's blockade," you mutter to yourself. You must decide whether to use the fast speed of your new ship to outrun the blockader into Sanction harbor, or to try and bluff your way through an encounter with the Highlord's captain using the captured charter. The crew waits expectantly.

If you decide to race for the harbor, turn to 112. If, instead, you want to carry through the charade with the charter, proceed to 81.

54

With a coordinated rush, you, Silvara, and the Shadowwarriors attack the gigantic dragon. Selecting a target behind the creature's foreleg, you drive Quicksilver deep into the monster's vitals. The barbed hooks of the Shadowpeople also strike home in many places. Turn to **123**.

55

The swift bite of your blade drops another of the draconians. Turning to aid Silvara, you take advantage of an opportunity to kill one more of the creatures. Now only two remain, and you, Silvara, and Dargo quickly surround them and finish them off.

Although you see no signs of any additional draconians, you are nonetheless nervous about the noise you have made in fighting them.

"Hurry," you call to Silvara. "Let's get the waterskins filled and move out!"

Knowing the urgency of the situation, the elfmaid wastes no time in filling the skins while you stand guard. In a few minutes, you rejoin Fizban and move quickly away from the outpost. It is hours later before you begin to relax.

The night remains thick around you. The plains of Estwilde, never lush, seem exceptionally barren under the pale starlight. Once again, however, your expedition party is on its way to Sanction. Turn to **192**.

56

The draconian's blow smashes into your shoulder, practically knocking your sword from your hand. Gasping with pain, you struggle to fight back. You lose 4 hit points.

The monster raises its weapon for another attack. Grimacing, you manage to raise Quicksilver again,

this time attempting to cut under the arch of the draconian's powerful slash.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, proceed to **148**. If it is less, repeat this section.

If, as a result of repeated attacks, your hit points drop to 0 or less, your adventure ends here.

57

The giant's speed surprises you. Before you can strike, his weighty war hammer smashes into your shoulder and sends you sprawling into the snow. Only your thick winter clothing keeps your shoulder from shattering. You lose 5 hit points.

Silvara is more successful, grazing the giant with her blade and inflicting a light wound. Dargo maintains his intimidating growl and bites viciously at the monster's leg. But as you struggle out of the snow, the war hammer crashes into the elfmaid and sends her sprawling next to you.

Quickly pulling Silvara up, you again advance on the monster. Once more you lunge inward as the hammer smashes down, relying on your quickness to overcome the giant's brute force.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to **194**. If it is less, repeat this section.

Remember, you can add experience points to your total before you roll the die. If you fail the roll repeatedly and your hit points drop to 0 or less, your adventure will be over.

58

Growling draconians charge you from three different directions, so you try desperately to prepare a defense. Standing back to back, you and Silvara ready

yourselves to meet the brunt of the charge. Fizban and Dargo prepare to help out as best they can.

Howling with battle rage, the draconians smash into your little group. Immediately, the combat evolves into a melee of snapping jaws, slashing claws, and stabbing swords.

One of the draconians staggers backward, bleeding from a mortal wound inflicted by Quicksilver, but several more leap forward to take its place.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 22 or more, turn to 188. If it is less, go to 19.

59

You pause for a moment, not really surprised at Silvara's plea. She speaks the truth; as you would readily acknowledge, she would never make it past the first patrol of guards to accost her.

Realizing this, you know you have no choice but to accompany her. Your own skills are far from limitless, and the journey will doubtless be perilous, but the opportunity to strike such a blow against the forces of evil cannot be refused. Nothing would prove so disastrous to the plans of the Dark Queen as the arrival of the good dragons arrayed against her in war.

"Yes, I'll go," you reply. Even as you begin to consider the problems inherent in the mission, another reason for going nags at you: dragon or no, you love this woman, and you will love her until you die.

"Thank you," she responds simply.

A strong yearning nearly compels you to take her in your arms, but instead you speak. "The journey to Sanction is long, whether we cross the plains of Throtyl and Estwilde, or take a ship around Cape Caergoth into the Newsea. Have you selected your route?"

She smiles, almost apologetically. "I thought I

would ask your advice, after you agreed to come along."

You smile in return, relaxing a little. "You were that sure I'd say yes?"

"I hoped that I knew you very well."

"And, indeed, you do," you admit.

Knowing that the decision is up to you, you think for a moment. The sea route will doubtless be faster, but you will have to trust your fate to some captain who could as easily betray you as deliver you to your destination. On land, the hazards will be more frequent, but you will have your own skills to rely on for success or failure.

If you wish to hire a ship for the journey, turn to 105. If you decide instead to travel overland, turn to 217.

60

Your blade slices forward into the badly burned draconian. Already wounded, the creature lurches backward and dies.

Turning to seek another target, you see that the Shadowwarriors have already finished off the other surviving draconians.

Turn to 8.

61

You decide to remain cautious, and count yourselves as lucky to escape the bandits so easily. You quickly begin to move up the trail.

"Thank you, kind sirs," you say politely, bowing deeply to the bandits as they step out of your way.

"Good luck," wishes the leader, with what sounds like true sincerity.

For the rest of the day you march upward, moving slowly along the steep trail leading to the pass.

Ahead of you loom the hulking Doomrange volcanoes, and you estimate that you will pass over them tomorrow. With luck, shortly after that you will enter the evil city of Sanction.

After spending a restless night in a thicket of scrubby trees, you strike out for the pass. The heat, even at this altitude, is oppressive, and a pall of smoke hangs over the landscape. Nonetheless you press on, hoping to reach the summit of the pass that same day.

Turn to 193.

62

Sobbing quietly, Silvara tries to absorb the shock of that which you have all just witnessed. Her feeling of guilt must be tremendous, knowing that the neutrality of the good dragons has been purchased by such foul deceit.

"The oath," you observe quietly, "obviously can no longer be considered binding."

For the first time, you see a glimmer in Silvara's eyes showing the powerful creature she really is.

"I must destroy these monsters," she says, her voice rising in pitch as she speaks, "for what they have done to our children!"

"There is another alternative," interjects Fizban, who has remained silent throughout the discussion. "Cymbal told us of a teleporting room, used to travel between here and the Isle of Dragons. If we could use this room, could we not marshal the might of the good dragons to aid our cause?"

The old mage sounds somber, his voice more serious than you have ever heard it. Looking toward you, he says, "Gilthanas, you have been our leader throughout this quest. It is fitting that you should make this final decision."



You consider the options. The teleportation room tempts you, but you have no guarantee that you will be able to use it successfully. A mistake could drop you in the middle of nowhere! Silvara obviously wants to attack immediately, a tactic that might save the rest of the eggs, if you win the fight.

If you want to try the teleportation room, turn to **78**. If you decide to attack now, proceed to **98**.

63

With shocking suddenness, a flat stretch of snow above you explodes outward! With an angry bellow, a huge figure bursts from the concealing snow and slashes at you with a massive war hammer.

Mark off 7 hit points from your Character Stats Card.

Momentarily stunned, you fall backward into the snowdrift. You recognize your attacker as a frost giant, one of the savage denizens of these mountain heights. Quickly releasing your pack, you draw Quicksilver and rush toward the giant. Your progress is hampered by deep snow, and before you can intervene, you see the giant strike Silvara a sharp blow. The elfmaid drops into the snow and lies motionless.

Dargo remains unscathed, and the cooshee leaps toward the giant to sink strong teeth into the monster's calf. You finally force your way through the snow and stand before the giant, who turns his attention to you while still attempting to shake the dog from his leg.

The hammer again slashes down, but you make a leap to a spot just beneath his reach and prepare to strike with your elven blade.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 19 or more, turn to **194**. If it is less, turn to **57**.

Desperation adds strength to your attack. The chain swings through a vicious arc and encircles the neck of the nearest draconian guard. The effectiveness of your attack surprises even you, but you don't let that delay your follow-up.

Even as your first target falls with a strangled gasp, you reverse the direction of your attack toward the draconian on the other side. Meanwhile, Silvara entangles the third guard in her chains. Dargo growls threateningly, but muzzled and leashed, he can do very little to help. Fizban stands back, aloof from the action, watching the fight, and apparently enjoying it immensely.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 22 or more, turn to **165**. If it is less, turn to **89**.

"Let's keep sailing at a normal pace," you suggest. "We should act as if we have nothing to hide."

"Aye," agrees Captain Karyzzal.

For several hours, the small ship draws closer, following directly in your path. Eventually, you begin to discern the figures of the crew on her deck. They seem to be looking your way.

Suddenly, with your keen elven eyesight, you are able to identify the brawny crew members leering over the forward rail.

"Minotaurs!" you call. "She must be a pirate!"

"More sail!" cries the captain, as his crew springs into action. "Hurry, my lads, if you ever want to set foot upon shore again!"

The energetic efforts of the *Jolly Widow's* seasoned crew quickly add sail to the old merchantman's masts, but even so, the minotaur vessel draws closer.

The savage bull-men are the scourge of Krynn's seas, and none of you fails to understand that your fate would not be pleasant if they should close in and capture your ship.

Move on to **121**.



66

"Get ready to attack," you whisper. Silvara, Greer, and Dargo close in behind you.

"Now!"

At the order, your little band rushes down the corridor toward the draconians. The monsters react in panic, leaping to their feet and clumsily drawing their weapons. You see, with considerable relief, that these draconians are not members of the elite Red Watch.

Charging forward, you cut down one of the guards with Quicksilver's first thrust. Another stands before you, and you lunge forward to attack.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, proceed to **202**. If it is less, turn to **109**.

67

You decide that you must seize the element of surprise against these humans. They are probably bandits, and you expect no mercy should your group fall into their hands.

A number of the ragged humans stand in a bunch

before you, while the others spread out to surround you. With a sudden magical attack, you might be able to disperse a number of them.

Without the use of a spell, the task will of course be much more difficult. But can you afford to exhaust another of your precious magic spells? Or should you, indeed, wait and see what these men want?

If you decide to cast a spell, turn to **159**. If you choose not to, or cannot, use magic, turn to **106**.

68

The draconian reacts nimbly to your parry, and crashes his blade down heavily against Quicksilver. Overpowered by the beast, you stumble backward, bleeding from a gash in your head. You lose 3 hit points.

Following up his advantage, the monster leaps in to attack. Again, you bring up Quicksilver, attempting to avoid its thrust and make an attack of your own.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **150**. If it is less, repeat this section.

If, as a result of repeated attacks, your hit points drop to 0 or less, your adventure ends here.

69

You lead your party hastily away from the beggar. After darting around several sharp corners, and taking care to see that the old man does not follow you, you pause to explain your actions.

"We can't afford to let anyone find out about us. Talking to him was a risk I didn't think we could take—not at this point."

The others accept your explanation. With another look to make sure that you are not followed, you lead your little group through the mazelike alleys. Turn to **199**.

70

With only seconds to spare, once again you pause and cast a spell. This time, you use a Sleep spell. Three of the leading draconians drop in their tracks. At the same time, the third group of draconians swarms onto you. Mark off a spell from your Character Stats Card.

You barely have time to draw your sword before you must dodge the raking claws of the leading draconian. Recovering your balance, you bring Quicksilver up in a lightning attack.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, proceed to 80. If it is less, turn to 44.

71

"Gilthanas, I have learned many things since last we spoke," Silvara begins. "I understand the full nature of the oath taken by the good dragons."

"The oath!" You cannot keep the scorn from your voice. You know that all of the good dragons of Krynn—the gold, copper, brass, bronze . . . and silver . . . dragons—have chosen to remain uninvolved in the war for control of the world. "What force is it that prevents the good dragons from aiding those who need them so desperately?"

"The oath was exacted by the Queen of Darkness herself!" Silvara explains, her eyes pleading with you to understand. "She has captured all of the good dragon eggs, and threatened to destroy them all if the good dragons join in the war."

Silvara's voice catches. "Those eggs are the key to the entire future of our . . . of the good dragon races. So long as they remain hostage, no good dragon will risk their destruction."

"What does this have to do with me?"

"I have learned, through Paladine himself, of the location of these eggs!" Silvara exclaims. You are impressed, despite yourself, for Paladine is the mightiest of all of the gods of good. He is the counterpart to the Queen of Darkness.

"Where are they?"

"They are kept in the city of Sanction, deep below one of the three volcanoes known as the Lords of Doom. Gilthanas, I do not believe the eggs are safe!"

You traveled to Sanction once, many years earlier, and the memories of that awful place remain with you. Three towering volcanoes, collectively known as the Lords of Doom, surround the city and spew forth a steady rain of lava and ash. The city is smoky, hot, and dirty—just the kind of place the Queen of Darkness would choose as a lair.

"How do you know the eggs are not safe? And even if you're right, what can we do?"

"Paladine warned me," the elf-maid replies. Her voice remains strong and steady as she continues. "And then I had, I have . . . nightmares. I see our eggs in my dream, and I sense a perversion so foul, so debased, that I awaken in horror.

"Gilthanas, I must go to Sanction and discover the secret of the Queen's treachery! If I can prove what I suspect, I can convince the good dragons to join the war against evil!" Silvara continues breathlessly.

"As you know, my personal vow to Paladine allows me to walk the face of Krynn—as Silvara. I am forbidden to change to my true form as long as the oath is binding. And this is why I come to you. As Silvara, I have only the abilities of a small, sword-wielding elf-maid. I know that I will not get very far if I try to pursue this quest alone.

"Gilthanas, will you journey to Sanction with me?"

Turn to 59.

"Saving as many of the eggs as possible must be our priority," you decide. "Nothing else should interfere with this purpose."

Silvara clenches and unclenches her fists in an effort to quell her anger. After some moments, she nods her head in mute agreement.

"Follow me," says Greer, beginning to lead the way back to the lairs of the Shadowpeople. "We will bring my people, and carry the eggs to safety."

Moving quickly and silently, you pass through the sites of your earlier struggles. The mighty dragon, and the hideous draconians, lie still and undisturbed.

As you reach the secret door leading to the realm of the Shadowpeople, you speak to Greer and Silvara.

"We take a risk, since a party of guards stumbling upon those bodies will certainly raise an alarm. We could then be cut off from the eggs.

"I suggest," you continue, "that a small party of us remain here, guarding the passage. If we are discovered, we will try to hold the corridor until the eggs have all been removed."

"Good idea," agrees the Shadowwarrior. "I will remain here with you."

"And I," Silvara echoes, the edge for battle still apparent in her voice.

"I have places to go, but they can wait," grumbles Fizban. "I'll stay too."

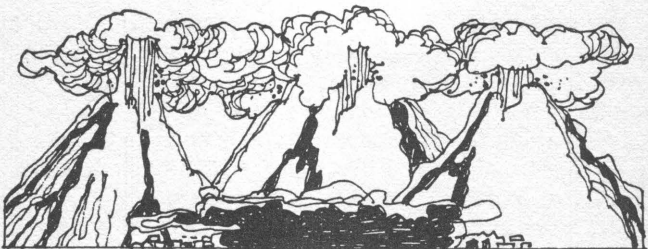
Advancing past the secret door, your little party deploys to guard the corridor. The other Shadowpeople vanish through the door. For half an hour you wait, dreading the thought of premature discovery. Your relief is palpable when the door opens again and the full population of the Shadowpeople troops into the corridor. Swiftly, they reach the egg rooms and begin

carrying the precious oval objects into concealment beneath the city.

Because of the size and delicacy of the eggs, each individual must make many trips, carrying a single egg at a time. The gods are with you, however, and you are not discovered for several hours.

When you finally hear the stomping of an approaching group of guards, you realize that they are probably coming, not because they are aware of your presence, but to relieve the guards you slayed earlier.

The corridor stretches straight before you. Knowing that the guards will soon be in sight, you prepare to meet them. Can you cast a spell to delay them (21)? Or will you meet them with Quicksilver in your hand (48)?



73

The water is sweet and cool, filling you with a sense of well-being as it flows into your battered body. Instantly, you feel better. You regain as many hit points as the highest number of the two dice you just rolled.

Remember that you can never have more hit points than you started with.

Fetching one of your waterskins, you carry some of the water back to Silvara and Fizban. "Here, try this," you say excitedly. "It's water from the stream.

It seems to have some kind of healing powers."

Silvara tries some, but spits it out. "Yuck! Are you sure about this? It tastes stale and tinny."

You pour some of the water from the pouch into your hand and see that it has already lost its iridescence. "I'm sorry, I guess you'll have to drink it from its source, as I did."

The three of you and Dargo walk down by the water, and your companions drink from the glowing stream. They also feel refreshed and strengthened, and you all spend a quiet and restful night.

Feeling better than you have for days, you awaken early and once more strike out across the trackless wilderness of Estwilde. Turn to 168.

74

You make your way toward the fortresslike edifice to the south, trying to follow alleys and out-of-the-way streets as much as possible. Fortunately, no one seems to pay any attention to you.

Several jogs and turns later, you reach the end of an alley leading to the plaza before the black temple. Here you pause to study your objective.

You see that the building is completely surrounded by a high stone wall. A pair of massive bronze gates stand in it, and open only when someone must pass through.

The only creatures you see leaving the temple are huge draconians, garbed in bright red robes. You noticed several draconians like this elsewhere in the city, and wherever they went, all of the other residents of Sanction hurried to get out of their way.

On occasion, you see a band of these draconians enter the fortress. When they do so, they are invariably accompanied by one or more wretched-looking prisoners secured by heavy chains.

Roll a die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total is 18 or more, go to **172**. If it is less, turn to **91**.

75

A sudden, burning pain lances up your leg. Gasping, you stagger backward. Subtract 3 hit points from your total.

Dargo leaps onto a wriggling creature that you had nearly stepped on. Lifting it high, the dog shakes it savagely and lets it fall, dead. You recognize the body of a giant centipede, and realize that you have just suffered its mildly venomous sting.

Glancing around, you see a horde of the foot-long creatures slithering toward you. Limping on your stung foot, you thrust Quicksilver at the nearest.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to **167**. If it is less, turn to **10**.



76

The mountainside suddenly seems to erupt with draconians. More than a dozen of the monsters emerge from concealment among the rocks, and bear down upon you with wicked swords and drooling fangs.

"Hurry!" you call to your companions. "Get over to that rock. We'll try to hold them off there!"

The rock you point to is a huge boulder with a broad, concave face. If you can reach it, you will have some shelter for your backs.

A growling draconian rushes into your path, its grotesque wings flapping awkwardly as it half glides and half runs toward you.

In a flash, Quicksilver seems to leap into your hand, and you prepare to meet the monster's charge. From the corner of your eye, you see that Dargo has leaped onto another of the draconians, while Silvara has already reached the limited security of the rock.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **175**. If it is less, move on to **132**.

77

By noon you know that Sanction cannot be far away. Already you can see the bleak mountains towering above the sound to your right and left. The sky is black with smoke, and ahead of you, in the distance, you can see the Lords of Doom.

The three volcanoes tower over every other peak in sight. Each belches a steady, thick column of smoke and ash that seems to disperse quickly into an oppressive, low-hanging cloud. In the valley between the three volcanoes, you know, lies your destination.

The wind seems to die as you near the city, and the *Black Skull's* pace slows to a crawl. For the rest of the day, and all night, you inch toward the port at the

heart of the Highlord's empire. Nighttime is especially eerie, as the glowing heat of subterranean fires reflects off the clouds, bathing the water and mountains in a hellish light.

The next morning "dawns" with only a gradual lightening of the environment. No trace of sunshine penetrates the thick clouds. Ahead, lying like a brown smudge on the horizon, the city of Sanction awaits you.

In a few hours, the *Black Skull* coasts into a berth on the quiet waterfront. Several tall warships similar to the one that pursued you stand at anchor offshore, and a few merchant ships occupy other berths. There is none of the frantic activity that you are used to from the Palanthian docks.

No one seems to notice your arrival, and you waste no time debarking. Sure that elves would not be welcome in this city, you and Silvara cover yourselves in old, dirty cloaks.

"Wait for us there," you direct the sailors, indicating a rundown inn. "If we have not contacted you in four days, get out of the city."

"Aye," grunts your first mate. "And good luck to you!"

Nodding your thanks, you, Silvara, Fizban, and Dargo walk into the mazelike streets of the Sanction slums.

If you ran past the Highlord blockade, turn to **28**. If you were boarded and showed the Highlord commander your charter, go to **200**.

78

Stealthily, you work your way to the corridor that Cymbal indicated as leading to the teleportation room. The tunnel goes off straight into the darkness, apparently stretching well beyond the limits of your

elvensight.

"Follow me," you direct your companions as you work your way into the darkness.

You advance slowly for several minutes, finally stopping as you see a large wooden door before you. Several draconian guards sit on benches before the door, serving boring duty.

You know that you will have to dispatch the draconians before entering the room. If you can, and want to, use a spell, turn to **191**. If you wish to attack with weapons, proceed to **66**.

79

"There's no way to know when we'll come across another source of water," you declare, making up your mind. "We have no reason to believe that we could find another one in time to do us any good."

"I agree," says Silvara. "We have to go after this one."

Fizban readily accepts your decision. In fact, the old mage climbs quickly to his feet, saying, "A sensible decision, my boy! And I have just the spell to solve our little problem. . . ." The mage is already striding toward the outpost.

"NO!" you and Silvara cry in unison in voices louder than a stage whisper, as you once again move to forcibly restrain your old friend. "It's not that we don't, uh, trust you," you stammer, trying to explain yourself. Images of some of Fizban's other spell casting attempts come to mind. For all you know, he might accidentally triple the number of draconians at the outpost, or turn them all into fire-breathing red dragons.

"It's just that, well, I think we ought to have a plan," you conclude, somewhat lamely.

"Well, fine," the wizard sniffs indignantly. "Tell me

when you have decided what I'm supposed to do!" Fizban turns his back, sulking pointedly.

Although you feel bad about hurting Fizban's feelings, you have to admit that it is infinitely easier to come up with a plan without his interference.

"I could use one of my magic spells," you say to Silvara quietly, moving out of range of the old mage's hearing. "They're more predictable than Fizban's, and I could cast a Sleep spell that would immobilize most of the draconians, if not all of them."

"Your magic *is* more reliable," agrees Silvara, "but who knows what else we might encounter along the way that could require you to use your limited magic? I think we can sneak in once it's dark and take the water we need without alerting the draconians."

"That's incredibly risky," you note. "If one draconian spots us, we'll have the whole camp to contend with."

"True, but why would they spot us? Are we such clods that we can't get some water without alerting every draconian in the territory? If you sneak in, I'll cover you, and we can ask Fizban to watch Dargo."

You laugh at her jest, but the decision is still yours.

If you decide to immobilize the draconians with a spell, turn to **144**. If, instead, you wish to sneak to the well during the night, turn to **210**.

80

The keen edge of your sword does its deadly work again. The draconian attempts to dodge, but it is far too slow. Quicksilver drives into its body, and the creature dies, gasping feebly.

Only a few of the monsters remain standing, but they press their attack with vigor. Grunting and growling, they leap forward over the bodies of their fallen comrades.

This time you also attack aggressively, leaping and

slashing savagely with your enchanted sword. Quicksilver bites into one, then another, draconian, and completely breaks the momentum of the monsters' attack.

As you charge forward, the draconians rally for a counterattack. Several close in together, and you place your back against the corridor wall to protect it. Cutting and slashing while they claw and bite, you strive to maintain your advantage.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to 174. If it is less, proceed to 44.

81

"Lower sail," you order the crew. "Prepare for boarders!"

You wrap yourself in a dark cloak, and smear a generous coating of grime on your faces. Silvara does the same, and you hope that the two of you have managed to conceal your elven features.

"Here, lad," calls Fizban. "Let me use some of that paint, too."

"I don't think paint would help, Fizban," you say, suddenly realizing that the old mage will be more than a little conspicuous on the deck of the pirate ship, but that paint won't help. "You have no almond-shaped eyes to mask or pointed ears to hide. I think—"

"What do you take me for—an elf?" sputters Fizban indignantly. "Of course I don't have pointed ears! I need that paint for a spell to make that ship that's approaching into a still life."

More scared of Fizban's blundering magic than you are of the approaching vessel, you quickly put your arm around the mage's shoulders and say, "Fizban, we really appreciate the offer, but we've got it all figured out."

Silvara takes his hand and starts to lead him away, saying, "Perhaps you would like to rest down in the hold. . . ."

As the ship draws even with you, you see that it is indeed a Highlord warship. Scaly draconians—the lizardlike dragonmen who serve in the Highlords' armies—stare at you greedily from the rails, and in the stern you see the imperious figure of a Dragon Highlord. Grotesquely masked, wrapped in a huge, flowing cape, the Highlord looks larger than an ordinary man.

The Highlord and several huge draconians cross to the *Black Skull* in a small boat. Climbing aboard, the masked commander stares around the pirate ship curiously.

Your story is prepared.

"Greetings, your excellency," you say, bowing deeply as the Highlord walks up to you. "Thank you for honoring our humble vessel with your illustrious presence."

"What is your business?" he demands harshly.

"We are simply poor sailors returning to Sanction for provisions," you reply, handing him the charter.

"I see," he mutters, reading. When he reaches the signature of the Highlord Ariakus, his eyes widen behind the mask. "Very well," he declares. "You may pass."

With that, he and his draconian escort climb into the small boat, and you are free to sail into Sanction. Turning to the crew, you order sails hoisted, and the *Black Skull* leaps forward.

"We did it!" shouts Silvara excitedly. "Look, even Dargo is feeling relieved." She points to the cooshee, and you see that he is frisking up and down the deck of the ship.

Add 1 experience point to your total. Turn to 77.



82

True to their pledge, a war party of the Shadowpeople soon leads you into a narrow tunnel. The tunnel, you calculate mentally, leads far underground and passes beneath the city of Sanction.

"Indeed," responds one of the Shadowpeople mentally.

"You startled me," you say aloud. "I still haven't gotten used to my thoughts being heard!"

"It is a fine form of communication, once you get used to it," chuckles the warrior.

The Shadowpeople have provided about a dozen warriors to accompany you on your mission. You gratefully accept the reinforcements, realizing that this increases considerably the fighting power of your little band. Your allies move so quietly, and know their way around so well, that this larger party should be able to progress just as stealthily as you and your companions could have on your own.

Turn to 186.

83

For hours your arms and feet fight the current, and gradually it lessens. Your strength is almost gone when your numbed arm strikes something hard. Shaking the saltwater from your eyes, you see a broad, curved slab of wood, no doubt the hull section

from some doomed ship—maybe yours. With a mumbled prayer of thanks to Paladine, you crawl onto the wood and collapse.

The sunset has blazed an incongruously beautiful pattern of colors across the sky as you awaken a short time later to the sound of splashing behind you. You turn to see Dargo, Silvara's cooshee, struggling toward your raft. He has something clenched between his teeth.

In the fading light, you recognize the shimmer of Silvara's robe, and dive into the water to pull her toward your fragile sanctuary. She is clinging, almost unconscious, to the tired cooshee.

Soon you get the elfmaid and the dog onto the makeshift raft with you, though the section of hull nearly founders under the weight. Cold and exhausted, Silvara rests her head on your lap. Dargo curls up against her, and you all suffer a cold, restless night.

For several days, you drift helplessly upon the tiny raft. Both you and Silvara realize that even a modest sea would be fatal, but no sign of land or ship breaks the watery horizon.

Dargo whines, expressing the thirst and hunger you and Silvara dare not speak of for fear you will lose hope. More time passes. You suspect that the current has carried you into Newsea, where any ship you find will probably be hostile. Nonetheless, you maintain a vigil on the horizon during daylight hours.

Finally your search is rewarded by the appearance of a tall sail to the east. The vessel draws gradually near, and you recognize it eventually as a warship, but one unlike any you have seen before.

Barely conscious, her tongue swollen by thirst and her skin cracked and bleeding from exposure to sun and salt, Silvara looks at you questioningly. Should

you risk capture by hostile forces by calling for help (35)? Or should you lie still and let the ship pass, hoping to sight land . . . before it's too late (129)?

84

You try desperately to think of a tactic for dealing with the insane dragon, and finger your sword nervously. You can see the Shadowpeople spreading out, ready to fight.

But Silvara speaks again.

"We would like to see, uh, to admire your eggs, O Mighty Copper One. Surely, there is no harm in showing the eggs to your friends—even the Queen would understand that."

"Well, no," says Cymbal. "I don't think she'd mind. But you must be very careful not to touch them. Soon it will be hatching time, you know."

"Of course we'll be careful," responds Silvara soothingly. She hides her eagerness well, considering that the objects of your quest are at hand.

"Follow me, then." Cymbal turns and strides from the chamber into a huge tunnel leading from the far side. Still ready for battle, you, your party, and the warriors follow the copper dragon and the elfmaid into the darkness. Add 1 experience point to your total, and turn to 195.

85

"My companions and I," you begin, "seek to penetrate the stronghold of the Dark Queen's minions." Your listeners look impressed, and you feel encouraged. "We journey to Sanction, where we wish to enter the foulest temple of evil, and discover the dark secrets guarded within."

"What do you hope to accomplish?" asks the leader of the outlaw band.

"You no doubt know that the war goes badly for the forces of good," you continue. "A great battle has been won near Palanthas, temporarily stemming the tides of evil. But unless some weakness can be discovered in the forces arrayed against us, our eventual defeat seems certain."

You deem it best not to mention the oath of the good dragons or the fact that you wish to discover whether this oath has been betrayed. Most people on Krynn feel nothing but hatred for dragons, and you doubt whether the distinction between good and evil dragons will strike these men as terribly significant.

The leader then speaks to you. "I am Warren Wind-sound. My band is made up of men whose homes and families have fallen under the evil weight of the spreading darkness." The men nod grimly in assent.

"Nowhere are there people who hold greater hatred for the dragonarmies than we do," he continues. "We will help you in your mission in any way we can."

"I wish we could reward your courage," Silvara replies, apparently touched by the man's honesty.

"Anything you discover that will hasten the downfall of this evil will be reward enough! Will you spend the night with us, sharing the meager comforts of our camp?" inquires the outlaw. You readily accept the invitation, and soon find yourselves in a small, well-concealed village located in a remote valley. The trail leading to the camp crosses several sheer cliff faces, and you realize that it could be held by a few defenders even in the face of an overwhelming onslaught.

Dinner is simple, consisting of venison, wine, and bread, but it is a better meal than any you have had in weeks, and you and your companions eat hungrily. Afterward, you and Silvara join Warren and some of

his men near the comfort of a small fireplace, while Fizban curls up for another nap.

Gain 1 experience point. Turn to 136.

86

Quicksilver strikes true!

The minotaur stumbles backward, grunting in surprise as your blade pierces his barrel chest. Half turning to the side, the dying minotaur lurches reflexively and knocks one of his companions off the boarding plank before falling into the churning waters of the Newsea.

You realize with a thrill of hope that only a few minotaurs remain standing. These move tentatively forward along the plank, but much of their enthusiasm for the fight seems to have faded.

At this moment, Dargo bounds onto the plank, teeth bared and an ominous growl rumbling in his broad chest. The leading minotaur backs away, but Dargo's charge is too swift.

The leaping dog slams into the minotaur, causing him to stumble back into his fellows, who in turn are sent sprawling onto the deck of their own ship, at the far side of the boarding plank. In moments, you, Silvara, Dargo, and a half dozen sailors rush across the plank. You quickly prod the cowering group of minotaurs into a small cabin below deck and lock the door.

"Say, keep it down over there!" The voice from the foredeck of the *Jolly Widow* tells you that Fizban has awakened.

Silvara goes to explain the recent events to Fizban, while you look about the pirate vessel. Her name, you see, is the *Black Skull*. With two tall masts, a sleek hull, and only a single cabin on deck, she is considerably faster than the *Jolly Widow*.



In the cabin, you discover a charter written on a leathery sheet of parchment. Your mind whirls with possibilities as you read it:

Be it known that, the DRAGON
HIGHLORD ARIAKUS has granted Cap-
tain Boris Garrdeck LICENSE TO PLUN-
DER AND PRIVATEER, in the name of
the QUEEN OF DARKNESS, the High
Seas of Krynn.

Mad Boris and the *Black Skull* shall be
entitled to a full share, in the amount of
sixty percent, of all proceeds derived
hereby. The balance shall be paid at the
temple of Luerkhisis, port of Sanction, by
Midsummer of every year.

The HIGHLORD ARIAKUS

You now see the way into Sanction, with no worries
from the Highlord blockade that is sure to be guard-
ing the port. The charter says nothing about Mad
Boris being a minotaur.

Emerging onto the deck, you see Silvara leading
Fizban and Captain Karyzzal across the boarding
plank. Grinning, you greet them: "Allow me to
present"—you point to yourself— "Mad Boris, cap-
tain of the *Black Skull* and servant of the Dragon
Highlord Ariakus!"

Turn to 53.

87

As the draconians charge forward, you hear a
wheezing chant behind you and realize that Fizban is
about to cast a spell. You have no time to worry about
it, however, as the monsters are almost upon you.

The tangled mass of draconians crowd themselves

so tightly into the narrow corridor that several are wounded by the weapons of their comrades. The deadly horde is almost upon you when the corridor is illuminated with a brilliant flash of light, accompanied by a loud *poof!*

Staggering backward, you see that the corridor is now blocked by a tangled collection of lumber. It looks as if someone tried to squeeze a small cottage into an even smaller hallway.

"Drat!" Fizban's voice curses behind you. "I said **MOUSE**, not **HOUSE**! I was trying to turn that monster into a mouse!"

You recognize a door and windows, squeezed among the wreckage. Fizban did, indeed, turn a draconian into a house.

Temporarily taken aback, the monsters pause briefly in their attack. But soon the door of the house opens, and the remaining draconians pour through to renew the attack. The leader charges straight toward you, bringing a huge battle-ax down in a vicious swipe at your neck.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **215**. If it is less, go to **176**.

88

You recover your breath just as the savage creatures rush forward in a concerted charge. Dargo, bleeding from several wounds, jumps into the fray and clamps another unfortunate hobgoblin in his powerful jaws. The night echoes with clashes and clangs as your elven steel meets the crude iron weapons of the monsters.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **190**. If it is less, move on to **203**.



89

Lifting the heavy chains before you, you aim a heavy blow at the nearby draconian guard. The improvised weapon strikes clumsily, however, glancing off the monster's shoulder.

The draconian, in turn, whirls to strike back. For the first time, you get a look at the weapon carried by the hulking monster. Resembling a longsword, the blade is lined with a jagged edge much like a sawblade.

Scrambling backward, you attempt to evade the blow, but the constricting manacles on your feet do not allow this. The ugly blade bites across your chest as you crash to the ground. You lose 8 hit points.

If your hit points have dropped to 0 or less, your adventure ends here. If you are still well enough to go on, turn to 178.

90

You press on until finally you reach the summit of the pass. The wind howling through the narrow niche in the mountains nearly pushes you backward. The only positive thing you can think of is that, for the next few days, you will be moving downhill.

No sign of life has disturbed the barren landscape

since your encounter with the giant, and the sense of void is becoming oppressive. Because of your own confused feelings, even Silvara's presence does little to nullify the pervasive loneliness. Barely pausing to acknowledge the summit, you begin the trek down the other side.

Braced for another long, lonely stretch, you are startled when, from somewhere ahead of you comes a human voice, the voice of an old man.

"Confound it! Where did that goat wander off to?" The man is obviously angry, and he is not far away. In fact, it sounds as if he is just coming around the next bend in the trail.

"Come here, goat, wherever you are! I can't be spending the whole winter . . . why, hullo there!" The figure stops, surprised, as you come into view.

You and Silvara stop, stunned, as you recognize the old man.

"Fizban!" you cry, simultaneously.

"Where?" the old man cries, whirling around in panic. "Oh, yes, that's me, isn't it?"

He turns back to you. "Say, you haven't seen a goat wandering around, have you? I'm doing some goatherding, and my herd wandered off. I can't imagine where she has gone!"

Ignoring the old man's ramblings, you embrace your old friend in joy. "Fizban, it's me, Gilthanas!"

"So it is! And this young lady . . . why, Silvara, how are you, my dear?"

Silvara appears totally unnerved by the appearance of the old mage. She ignores his query and asks, stammering, "W-Was it necessary for you to come?"

"Silvara! Aren't you glad to see him?" you ask in surprise.

"Well, if you feel that way . . ." the old mage blurts, stalking forward with the look of a father reprimand-

ing a child.

"It's not that. It's just—" She stops abruptly as the old man's eyes meet hers. You wonder fleetingly what has passed between them, but the thought is squelched as Fizban trips over a protruding tree root and lands ungracefully in the heavy snow.

Helping him to his feet, you ask him how he came to be here, but despite your most persistent questioning, the old wizard will tell you no more about his unexpected appearance. The fact that the idea of goatherding in this environment is ludicrous doesn't seem to bother him a bit. And, knowing Fizban, you reluctantly accept his story.

"Would you accompany us to the plains?" you ask. "After all, it seems likely that your, uh, goat might have gone that way."

"Why, of course!" Fizban exclaims. "Why didn't I think of that?"

Tactfully, neither you nor Silvara choose to answer his question. Your expedition expanded by one person, you begin to make your way down from the pass.

Turn to 37.

91

Waiting patiently, you study the black structure for any means of gaining entry. Unfortunately, no easy route presents itself.

Without warning, a pair of the huge draconians burst into the alley right in front of you. Each bears a wicked-looking sword, and their weapons are aimed in your direction.

"Hold it right there!" growls one.

"Surrender right now," snorts the other. "Or die!" Your reactions take over. In a split second, you draw Quicksilver and thrust it toward the bowels of the closest of the two draconians. At the same time, it

raises its huge sword for a killing blow at your head.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 22 or more, turn to **127**. If it is less, turn to **137**.

92

For several minutes you study the surface of the sea, barely visible beneath the heavy layer of haze. It is only as the *Jolly Widow* moves closer to the area that you make out a slow swirling pattern in the water and the haze, and you recognize the menace to the ship.

"Whirlpool!" you call to the captain, far below. "It's huge, and we're heading right for it!"

"Hard aport!" cries Captain Karyzzal. "All hands on deck!"

Several crew members, rudely interrupted from their naps, lurch through the hatches and quickly heave on the lines to trim the sails. The captain wheels the rudder hard to the left, and the crow's nest sways sickeningly as the *Jolly Widow* heels over in a hard turn.

In minutes, the ship veers to the north, and the haze of the whirlpool lies well off the starboard beam. You climb shakily down from the masthead.

"Good job, son!" says the captain heartily, ignoring the fact that you are two centuries older than he is. "We had more than enough warning to miss that bloody whirlpool."

Silvara stands up from where she is kneeling, soothing the nervous cooshee. Claspings your hand, she looks to you admiringly. "We'll be in Sanction much sooner. Thank you."

After several hours of running north, the captain brings the *Jolly Widow* back to her easterly course. He seems to be in high spirits as night falls.

"Well done, lads!" he calls to his tired crew. "We'll be in Newsea by morning!"

Add 1 experience point to your total, and turn to 147.

93

You draw your elven sword and prepare to meet the draconians. The first one is soon upon you, lunging forward with gaping jaws. Drooling greedily, it attempts to pull you within reach of its powerful bite.

At the same time, your blade slashes forward. You aim for the monster's heart.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to 125. If it is less, go to 139.

94

For the rest of the day, you hike hurriedly forward, aided by the fact that the remainder of your journey is downhill. Eagerly, you peer through the cloaking smog for a look at Sanction, but the haze is too thick. The landscape is shrouded in perpetual twilight by a low layer of clouds.

After resting for the night, you resume your march. You hurry, knowing that pursuers might be near.

"Look!" calls Silvara, after a few hours of marching.

"That's it," you reply, for you have at last emerged from the clouds and can see the city of Sanction.

The city sprawls far below you, and looks as if it is twisting and turning in an eternal nightmare. Three volcanoes—the Lords of Doom—loom over the city to three sides. Each spews forth its portion of the smoke and ash that has been visible for the last several days.

In the valley beneath the volcanoes, the black



cloud hangs oppressively like a low ceiling supported by the vast mountains. Rivers of lava flow from each of the mountains, converging in the city itself. In fact, great sections of Sanction are blackened and ruined from the lava rivers, which finally reach the sea and harden, sending up hissing columns of steam.

After a few more days of walking, you arrive at the outskirts of the city itself. No trace of sunlight has penetrated the murky cloud layer since you came over the pass. You doubt that you will see any again, unless you manage to leave Sanction alive.

Perhaps you should be more optimistic, you think, since you detect no signs of pursuit. All in all, your little party has made very good time, and you hope that word of your arrival has not preceeded you.

You have no difficulty passing through the perimeter of the city, for it is not guarded. Obviously, the Highlords do not expect anyone to enter here who does not have a legitimate reason for doing so.

Before you spreads a twisting and winding network of streets and alleys. Many soldiers walk to and fro, and you can see vast military camps spread around the periphery of the city.

"Keep your hood up," you warn Silvara.

"Good idea," she replies. "I don't think elves would be too welcome here."

You both carefully conceal your ears, which would immediately betray your race. Together with Fizban and Dargo, you enter the mazelike slums of Sanction.

Turn to 28.

95

You have no time to ponder the meaning of the dragon's dying words. Leaving the bodies of four warriors who died in the fight, you follow Greer through the dragon's lair and into another long corridor.

“We know that the eggs are near,” says the warrior. “But we must find them, for we have not in the past gone beyond that dragon.”

Passing a narrower corridor that branches to the side, you continue forward until you reach a series of rooms. Looking into the first one, you realize that you have reached the object of your quest.

Scattered about the floor, looking even in the faint torchlight like a priceless collection of golden nuggets, are huge gilded orbs. You have found the eggs of the gold dragons!

Turn to 115.

96

The whistling sweep of your attack cuts the head from the shoulders of a hulking hobgoblin, but another one of the monsters stabs you in the arm at the same time. You lose 4 hit points.

Responding in desperation, you mortally wound your attacker. Silvara is able to dispatch another and momentarily holds the rest at bay. Turn to 88.



97

For several days you languish in the stinking confines of the tiny cell. You lose track of time in the complete darkness, aware only that an occasional piece of stale bread or bowl of filthy water is passed to you

through a narrow hatch in the door.

Under the unsanitary conditions, with little hope of rescue, you grow weaker by the day. You lose 4 hit points.

Fizban sits in one corner petting the limp Dargo and staring across the cell, thinking, you presume, of a better time in his long memory.

Weak and debilitated, you and Silvara lean in another corner of the cell, seldom speaking, waiting for whatever fate lies before you.

You are startled from your listless waiting by an unexpected creaking noise. Turning, you see that a narrow gap has opened in the wall of the cell. Apparently, the little door provides another means of entering and leaving the cell.

Beyond the door, you can barely make out a shadowy figure, vaguely human in shape. The figure moves stealthily away, leaving the door slightly ajar behind it.

"Look," you whisper to your companions.

"What is it?" asks Silvara in a listless tone.

"A golden opportunity," says Fizban in a surprisingly exuberant voice.

"Wait a minute," you caution. "It appears to be a secret passage of some sort, but we don't know whose, or why it would be opened now," you say, moving forward to investigate.

"Nonsense! Caution killed the cat," sputters Fizban, moving forward with you.

Ignoring the old man, you survey the opening skeptically. Should you take his advice and follow the passage to who knows where and who knows whom (15)? It could be a trap, but it is hard to imagine anything worse than your present state. Perhaps if you waited, you could learn more about the mysterious figure you saw (169).



You look at Silvara's grief-stricken face, and share her pain. And you share her rage.

"Let us attack this foulness now!" you declare. "Before it has a chance to pervert the life in any more eggs!"

"Very well," says Fizban quietly.

Silvara does not answer, but rises and moves toward the chamber of corruption. You and the Shadowwarriors follow behind her.

You contemplate a surprise attack, knowing that you face a cleric and mage of high power, as well as a red dragon. Silvara removes any chance of this, however, as she strides brazenly into the room.

"Know, creatures of evil," she calls in thundering tones, "that you have betrayed the good dragons! Now you shall feel their wrath!"

For the first time in your presence, Silvara assumes her true shape. Her new form fills the entrance to the room. Silver scales glisten along her flanks and a sinuous tail stretches behind her. Massive claws strike the floor as the huge silver dragon advances. Her size dwarfs even the red dragon in the room.

Momentarily speechless, you regain your voice. "Attack!" you cry, springing forward at the silver dragon's side.

A whoosh of air nearly knocks you off your feet as Silvara uses her wings to hurtle herself forward. In seconds, she seizes the neck of the red dragon, and the two serpents roll and thrash around the chamber.

Quicksilver in your hand, you leap at the magic-user, even as he starts to cast a spell.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 22 or more, go to **218**. If it is less, turn to **40**.

Reacting instinctively, you lash forward with Quicksilver and cut the throat of the swaggering minotaur before you. With a strangled gasp, he falls to the deck.

Without a moment's hesitation, the rest of the bullmen attack! Dargo leaps at one whose spear would have transixed you, and the brave dog gives his life to prolong yours. Another minotaur feels Quicksilver's bite, but your heart sinks as you hear Silvara scream in agony.

Turning, you see several minotaurs close upon the fallen elf-maid just as an iron spearpoint cuts into your flank. Gasping with pain, you turn to face your enemies, but they are all around.

You stagger backward from an assortment of telling blows, and you know how this battle will end.

Your adventure is over. You may begin again, reducing your initial hit point total by 2 for what you have lost.

Your foot brushes gently against a raised stone, and you bend down to investigate. The protruding stone marks the trigger of a trap.

"Watch out," you warn your companions, pointing to the offending stone.

Carefully avoiding it, you move even more carefully into the darkness ahead. Soon you become aware of several corridors branching from the one you occupy.

Dargo utters a low growl.

"Listen!" whispers Silvara urgently. "Do you hear that?"

Freezing in place, you listen intently and search the surrounding darkness. You hear a quiet scraping,

intermingled with an occasional click, as of claws on stone.

“Draconians,” you whisper in return, as your elvensight finally reveals a number of lizardlike shapes moving toward you from several surrounding corridors. “There are at least a dozen of them. Get ready to fight.”

Realizing that they have been discovered, the draconians bellow forth cries of war, and charge. As you reach for Quicksilver, you consider your magic reserves. Do you want to cast a spell now (160), or meet these monsters with the steel of your weapons (58)?

101

For several days, the draconians march you along the trail, pausing only in the dark of the night, until finally you emerge from the thick cloud layer and get your first glimpse of your destination.

The city sprawls far below you, and looks as if it is twisting and turning in an eternal nightmare. Three volcanoes—the Lords of Doom—loom over the city on three sides. Each spews forth its own portion of the smoke and ash that have been visible for the past several days.

In the valley beneath the volcanoes, the black cloud hangs oppressively like a low ceiling supported by the vast mountains. Rivers of lava flow from each of the mountains, converging in the city itself. In fact, great sections of Sanction are blackened and ruined from the lava rivers.

Only after you are all exhausted does your somber procession arrive at the outskirts of the city. Your bonds are replaced by heavy chains. Pushing roughly with their spears and swords, your captors march you into the filthy, winding streets of Sanction.

Turn to 133.

The monster slashes downward with a savage attack. As you attempt to step out of the way, your foot catches on an unseen obstacle and you stagger, momentarily off balance. The draconian's sword catches you in the hip, and you lose 3 hit points.

Regaining your balance, you turn to face the monster again.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **143**. If it is less, repeat this section.

Your throat closes as if captured in a vise, and your stomach rebels against the potent spring water. Gasping and retching, you collapse onto the ground and lose consciousness. You also lose 7 hit points.

If your hit points are at 0 or less, your adventure ends here. If you can continue, turn to **166**.

You find yourselves in a long, torch-lit hallway. Soldiers and clerics walk about in groups, with an air of intense activity. Many side corridors branch off from the main hallway.

"Follow me," you tell your companions as you duck into an empty passage.

Darting around another corner, you enter a long, empty hall. Although an occasional torch sputters from a wall-sconce, the corridor is fairly dark. Flaring shadows move along the walls with the flames of the torches, but you don't see anything alive.

"We should look for a way down," suggests Silvara.

"Good idea," you reply. "If the eggs are here, they're probably underground somewhere."

Several doors line each of the walls, and you peer

through the keyholes of these until you find what you seek.

"A stairway," you whisper. "It goes down."

The door opens easily at your push, revealing a stone stairway descending into cold blackness. Waiting momentarily, so that your elvensight adjusts to the darkness, you start to lead your companions down.

"I'd prefer that well-lit hallway," bubbles Fizban.

"Fizban, please!" you hiss in an insistent whisper. "Perhaps you're right, but we can't risk getting caught, or we'll never locate the good dragons' eggs."

"I suppose you have a point there, young man," says Fizban quietly, catching on to the idea that you want him to whisper. "I'll just follow along on tiptoe."

"Thank you," you whisper in return, clasping the old mage's arm gently for a moment.

You count over one hundred steps before the passageway levels out. Moving cautiously forward, you can tell that you pass through a hallway about twelve feet wide, with a ceiling at least ten feet high overhead.

Roll a die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total is 19 or more, turn to **100**. If it is less, go to **24**.

105

The next morning, you and Silvara begin to scour the waterfront in search of a ship that will take you to Sanction. One after another, each captain you talk to either refuses to enter the Newsea because of the Highlord's patrol ships, or asks an exorbitant price. The latter captains, you both suspect, would quickly see the pair of you overboard and go about their business that much wealthier.

You grit your teeth in frustration and rage, aware

that the scourge of the dragonarmies has spread even across the seas and oceans of Krynn. The Highlords, in their arrogance, would corrupt and despoil the whole of your world!

Finally, your search is narrowed to the last vessel on the waterfront, a dilapidated old merchant scow christened the *Jolly Widow*. With some trepidation, you climb the gangplank.

"Welcome aboard, strangers!" The speaker is a grizzled old sailor. A maze of wrinkles lines his face, which is split by a broad, toothless smile. "You be the pair seeking passage to Sanction, unless I miss my guess!"

"Hello," you respond, somewhat taken aback by his blunt manner. "I am Gilthanas, and this is Silvara. Are you the captain of this ship?"

"Captain, cook, and caretaker! Started out as a cabin boy on this same ship, fifty years ago now. Worked my way up to captain, I did!" The pride is evident in his voice.

"Karyzzal's the name, Captain Simon Karyzzal, at your service." Despite the captain's blunt manner, you find him likable.

"Indeed, we seek passage to Sanction. Thus far, we have had few takers," you tell him.

"Cowards!" The captain waves his hand at the other ships in the harbor as he spits a large lump of something disgusting over the side. "Not a one of 'em deserves to command a rowboat, much less a sailing ship!" Karyzzal's voice drips with scorn.

"Seek you to do harm to the Highlords?" continues the grizzled sailor.

Once more, the captain's blunt manner has caught you off guard.

"You see," interjects Silvara. "We don't want to . . ."

"Of course you do! Of course you do!" the captain

says, cackling as if he has made some hilarious joke. "And I'm the man to help you do it!"

"The *Jolly Widow*'ll carry you through the blockade and right up to a berth in Sanction harbor, if you want. Why, if I weren't so old, I'd go into the city with you myself! Like to show one of them dragons a thing or two, I would!"

"Thank you," Silvara says, before you can respond. "We will hire your vessel to leave as soon as possible."

Although you would have preferred to talk it over, you place a great deal of faith in the elfmaid's wisdom, and if she feels that the ship is safe, that is good enough for you.

The captain invites you below, where you quickly agree on terms far more reasonable than any other captain has offered. The rest of the day you spend frantically rounding up provisions, while the captain scours the local taverns for his crew. He intends, he has proclaimed, to sail on the following morning's tide. Turn to 189.

106

Deciding to try and talk your way out of this encounter, you confront the tall leader of what appears to be a group of bandits.

"Why do you accost us?" you demand, adding to your voice the haughty touch of royalty that you have learned since childhood.

"This is not the time to be insolent," cautions the bandit leader. "I will ask the questions. Now, explain yourselves, and quickly!"

You ponder for a fleeting moment. While these men are warlike, they are, as Silvara pointed out, much too poorly equipped to be mercenaries in the service of the dragonarmies. Yet they give you no indication

that they would be sympathetic to your mission. Should you tell them the truth? Or would it be better to make up a story that would be more acceptable to criminals and bandits?

If you decide to tell the truth, turn to **85**. If, instead, you wish to bluff your way through, turn to **25**.

107

Your blade plunges deep into the monster's flank, but again the flailing claws drive you backward. You lose 3 hit points.

You have no recourse but to press the attack. Bleeding, teeth gritted against the pain, you again close in on the draconian.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **123**. If it is less, repeat this section.

108

Ignoring his questionable appearance, you decide to see what the man wants. You move cautiously toward him, your companions following behind.

Your natural caution slows you. This man could possess valuable information, or he could lead you into a trap. Remembering your collection of available spells, you consider whether or not you should use one, such as a Detect Magic spell, to determine if this beggar is indeed as miserable as he appears.

If you want to cast a spell on the beggar in an attempt to learn more about him, turn to **149**. If you simply want to talk, turn to **45**.

109

The panicked draconian strikes blindly at you as it struggles to get out of the way. Your momentum hurts your control, however, and as you strike wildly

with your blade, the draconian's thrust cuts into your unprotected side. You must subtract 4 hit points from your total.

Now you recover, stepping over the body of the draconian you killed first. This time, you plan your attack.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **202**. If it is less, repeat this section.

If, as a result of repeated attacks, your hit points drop to 0 or less, your adventure ends here.

110

Greer leads the party down another narrow passage. Gliding quickly and soundlessly, the Shadow-people move as silently as their namesakes. You cannot help feeling awkward and clumsy, even though your armor and boots make only an occasional creak or clink.

Passing rapidly down several flights of stairs, you encounter no one. The corridor you are now in is wide, approximately twenty feet from wall to wall, and nearly equal that distance in height. Darting around several corners, you guess that you travel very deep under the earth.

The corridor widens abruptly into a large room. At first, you see nothing, but as you peer into the darkness on the other side, you recognize a long, serpentine form.

As it raises its head and then blocks the large doorway as it raises to its full height, you realize with sickening certainty that you have walked into the lair of a dragon.

Roll a die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total is 19 or more, go to **184**. If it is less, turn to **145**.



111

Wet and bedraggled, you get what rest you can for the remainder of the night. The morning dawns chill and overcast, so there is no drying out of wet clothes, and you certainly cannot risk a fire in this enemy country.

Stiff, sore, and uncomfortable, and sure that everyone else feels the same way, you start out once again for Sanction.

Move on to 118.

112

Impressed with the speed of your captured ship, and with the enthusiasm of your crew, you decide to gamble everything on a race to Sanction harbor. You feel certain that you can outrun the warship and escape into Sanction before word can reach the port about your slipping through the blockade.

"All sails out!" you call. "We'll outrun that tub and make it into Sanction before they know what's happening."

A lusty cheer rises from the sailors, although Silvara gives you a sharp look of concern. You smile reassuringly, but then glance anxiously toward the warship. Not too surprisingly, it has turned to give chase, closing at an angle off the port bow.

But the wind blasts into your sails, and the *Black Skull* flies over the water. You realize with delight that the larger ship will never be able to catch you.

"We'll make it!" you proclaim, turning to Silvara.

She doesn't answer immediately, and her face pales with fear. "Look!" she cries, pointing to the warship.

You turn to see a chilling sight: a dozen creatures have launched themselves from the high masts of the warship and are flying through the air toward the *Black Skull*! Their wings beat steadily, and they

close the distance between the two ships very rapidly.

"They look like draconians," you say. "But I've never seen any dragonmen that could fly like that!"

The draconians you have encountered in the past have all had a limited ability to glide on their stubby wings for short distances, but these draconians—at least a dozen of them—are definitely flying, and in a few moments, they will be upon you.

"Quickly, grab your weapons!" you order the crew, wishing that you had more time to prepare.

Quicksilver hangs ready at your side, but you wonder about casting a magic spell before the draconians hit.

If you decide to cast a spell, turn to **208**. If you decide not to use magic now, turn to **29**.

113

You decide that you must make the attempt. With a whisper, you get Silvara's attention. You then speak to her in elven. "I'm going to swing these manacles at this draconian. We must try and escape!"

She gives you a small nod, and you know that she has heard and understood. Moving slowly so as not to attract attention, she gains a hold on the chains in front of her, and you know that she will join you in the fight. You whirl to the side in a rapid motion, the heavy chains in your hand becoming a deadly missile hurtling for the head of the draconian nearest you. The startled monster reaches quickly for its sword.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 22 or more, turn to **64**. If it is less, turn to **89**.

114

Your concentration is directed ahead of you, as you try to penetrate the thick smoke for a look at your destination in the valley below. The haze is too thick,

however, and all you can see is the barren landscape a few hundred yards away.

"Gilthanas!" cries Silvara suddenly. "Look out!"

Turn to 76.

115

"Gilthanas!" Silvara gasps, grasping your arm tightly as she stares at the eggs. "Something horrible has happened. There should be many more eggs than this!"

Even the old wizard shakes his head at the sight, as if acknowledging that something is definitely wrong.

Not knowing how to respond, you look into the other rooms and find eggs of silver, brass, bronze, and copper. In every case, Silvara is certain that many eggs are missing.

And then you notice, coming from the depths of the corridor still ahead of you, a low, throbbing chant. The nature of the chant is magical, you are certain. The content is so evil, so despicably perverted, that the very sound of it sends shivers down your spine.

Silvara's face blanches in stark terror. You know, with sickening certainty, that the source of that chant will explain the mystery of the missing eggs.

Turn to 27.

116

The draconian grunts in surprise, obviously unprepared for your sudden attack. Before it can react, your elven blade has done its bloody work. Soundlessly, the monster collapses.

Once more you crouch, your keen elven nightvision searching the area for any other surprises. Apparently this draconian had come out of the building alone. Stumbling upon you by accident, it was no doubt as surprised as you were. Fortunately, your

swift reactions averted disaster.

Pulling the already rigid body of the draconian into the shelter of a low bush, you once again look for, and find, the guard. Apparently not alerted by the brief scuffle, it paces casually across the compound nearly a hundred yards away.

Swiftly you scuttle to the well and fill the waterskins. Moving as silently as possible, you melt back into the night and soon rejoin your companions.

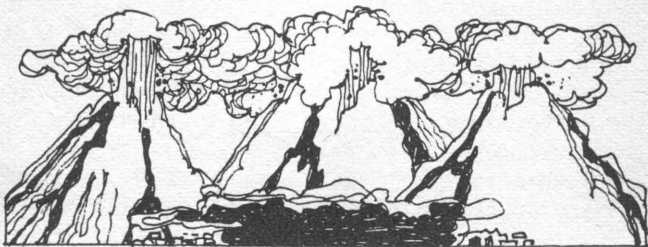
"Let's go," you whisper urgently. "I had to kill one of them, and it's only a matter of time before they discover the body."

Sensing the urgency of the moment, your friends each take a share of the water, and you move off into the night. Turn to **192**.

117

Your strength slowly fades, and the tireless power of the swirling water draws you backward. Finally, you give up, exhausted. In seconds, the maelstrom sucks you into its vortex, and you tumble down into choking, churning blackness.

Your adventure ends here. You may try again to rescue the eggs from the Dark Queen, subtracting 2 points from your initial hit points for what you have lost.



For many more days you march, finally passing from the plains of Throtyl to the barren wilderness of Estwilde. Although the soldiers of the dragonarmies are not so common here, the wilderness itself holds threats that you must beware of. Wild animals, wandering creatures you once thought existed only in childhood stories, even outlaws or cutthroats might interrupt your mission if you are not vigilant.

One night, after a week in Estwilde, you camp beside a quiet brook. The sky is cloudy, so the night is very dark. In the inky blackness, you can see that a faint glow emanates from the water in the stream. You wonder if the water might not be enchanted.

Leaving the others and following the flow upstream, you see that the water emerges from a small spring not far from your camp. Even there, it has a beautiful iridescence. Your curiosity is aroused. Of course, you do not know what kind of enchantment may have been placed upon this water—whether it would be beneficial or harmful to drink. You do know, however, that there is only one way to find out the nature of the glowing water.

If you decide to take a drink of the water, turn to 5. If you would rather not risk it, turn to 124.

As soon as you decide to cast a spell, you question Greer. "How big is this room? I have a spell that might help us win the fight quickly."

"Very large," responds the Shadowwarrior, picturing for you a high-ceilinged room that perfectly fits your purposes.

"Allow me to go first," you suggest in thought, and I will attempt to kill many draconians with a fiery spell."

"Certainly," he agrees. You sense the relief in his

cogitation. Obviously he anticipated a bloody battle with these draconian guards.

"Be ready," Greer warns, as two warriors position themselves to open the door.

With a powerful heave, they smash the portal inward. You step through and perform the motions for your Fireball spell. A dozen or more red-robed draconians turn in surprise and rush toward you.

But your enchantment is complete. A blazing ball of fiery heat erupts in the center of the room, billowing into the corners and scorching your face at its fringes. Howls of pain erupt from the draconians caught in its midst, and as the flames fall, you see that fully half of them lie dead. Mark a spell off on your Character Stats Card.

The others, wounded but enraged, charge you and the Shadowpeople, pouring through the door behind you. You raise your sword in a quick movement to meet the charge of the leading draconian.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **60**. If it is less, turn to **30**.

120

For several minutes you sprint through the narrow and twisting alleys of the slums. You pass an assortment of soldiers, many of them drunk, and none of them pay any attention to you. Obviously, the sight of a few people fleeing in panic is not an uncommon one in Sanction. It is equally obvious that one does not interfere in anyone else's business in this town.

Tired, you pause, panting heavily. Fizban in particular seems exhausted, but gives you a broad wink just the same.

"That was fun," declares the old mage. "Best escape I've been a part of in years! Let's do it again!"

"Uh, perhaps later," you stammer, not certain whether or not he is serious.

"I think we're lost," Silvara declares. "But I'd rather be lost and free than locked in that prison!"

You certainly share her feelings. Listening for a few moments, you hear no signs of pursuit. Moving, this time at a walk, you lead your little party farther into the Sanction slums. Turn to 28.

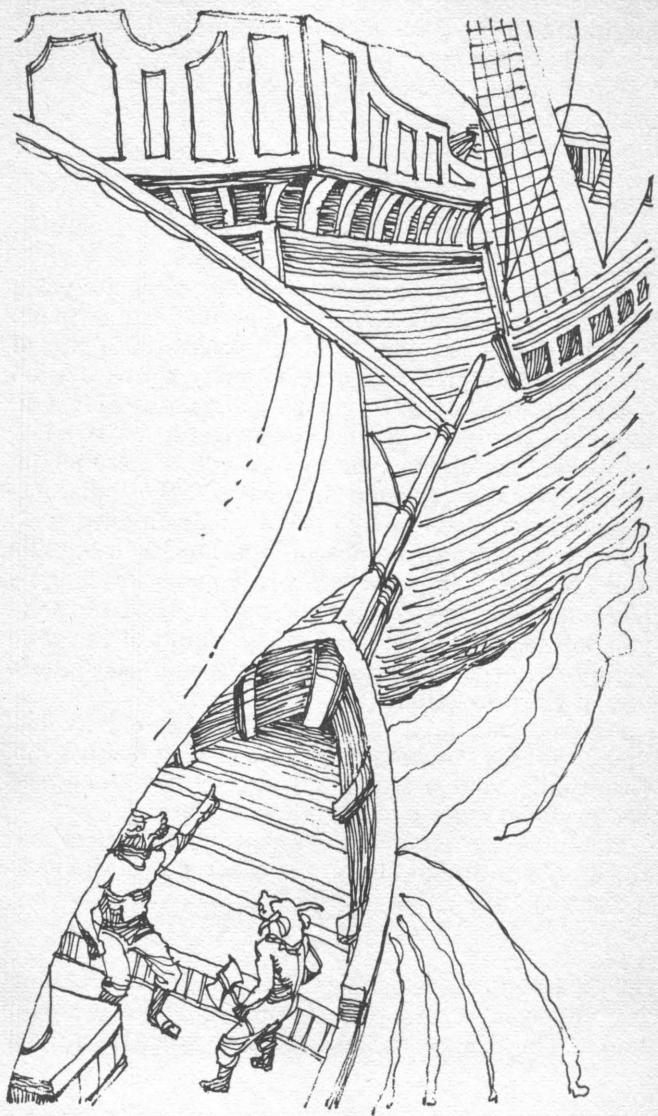


121

An hour later, the corsairs are close enough to bel-
low insults at you, and the distance between the two
ships closes rapidly. You see two boarding planks
raised above the sides of the pirate vessel. The boards
are equipped with heavy spikes, and are designed to
drop onto the deck of a ship such as yours and anchor
there as bridges for the pirate boarding parties.

Captain Karyzzal attempts to maneuver away at
the last minute, but the little pirate ship is much
faster and more maneuverable. She quickly pulls
alongside, and a pair of the boarding planks drop
onto the rail of the *Jolly Widow*. Immediately, snarl-
ing minotaurs start to charge across.

You stand at one of the planks, your magic elven
sword, Quicksilver, shining in your hand. Given the
formidable nature of your foe, you wonder if this



might not be the time to cast a magic spell. You could certainly cause more damage that way!

If you decide to use magic, go to **16**. If you would prefer to hold off the onslaught with your sword alone, turn to **47**.

122

"Perhaps Fizban got away," you whisper hopefully, attempting to dispel Silvara's gloom.

As if to dash your hopes, you hear a cheerful voice call out to the draconians from outside the outpost. "Hullo, there! Say, you wouldn't have seen a pair of elves, would you? One's a very pretty young maid—you can't miss her. She's got a big dog with—Hey! Unhand me, you brutes! What do you think . . ." In a few minutes, Fizban joins you in your cell. He seems undaunted by the experience, but you feel too discouraged to be cheered up by his delight in finding you.

In the morning, the draconians haul you outside and chain you together. Several more draconians have arrived, and you gather that they are to take you somewhere. Soon they prod you out of the compound, toward the southeast. They steadfastly ignore any of your questions.

For days you march across the dry plains of Estwilde, and gradually you become certain of your destination. Eventually, your procession begins to move up a pass between two huge, smoldering volcanoes.

You have heard enough descriptions to realize that the city of Sanction lies on the other side of the pass.

Turn to **101**.

123

The dragon rears backward, thrashing and bellowing in pain. Again and again, your blows strike home. The dragon wreaks damage with its mighty

claws, slashing the life from several of your allies, but soon the fight is over.

The dragon slumps slowly to the floor. With a convulsive shudder, it opens its eyes, and they seem to look directly into yours.

It utters a single sentence that puzzles and alarms you even in your time of victory.

"You shall not harm my eggs . . ." it gasps. And then it dies. Turn to 95.

124

You decide that your mission is fraught with enough risk as it is. Drinking mysterious "magical" water can only add to the element of risk, and this you decide not to do.

You spend a quiet night by the little stream. With the coming of dawn, your party rises once again and continues the march across the wilderness.

Turn to 168.

125

The draconian gasps, and staggers backward as your sword inflicts a mortal blow. At the same time, Dargo leaps past you and clamps his powerful jaws onto another.

Suddenly a hissing and crackling lights up the corridor, momentarily stopping the draconians.

"Rats," curses Fizban, as the fireworks subside. "I was certain that was my Lightning Bolt spell."

"That's all right," you reassure him, lunging forward to drop another draconian in the momentary confusion. With Dargo's help, you have stopped the attack from this corridor.

Whirling quickly, you see that Silvara is hard pressed to hold the other entrance. Leaping to her side, you again lunge forward with Quicksilver. A

burly draconian stands before you, concentrating on Silvara, and your blade makes a deep cut. Bellowing with rage, the foul creature turns and leaps at you.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to 80. If it is less, move on to 44.

126

The pass you walk is a narrow notch between the summit of the volcano and one of its broad shoulders. You move through it at midday, but the churning smoke around you makes it seem like twilight.

As you begin your descent down the other side, you get your first glimpse of Sanction.

The city sprawls far below you, and looks as if it is twisting and turning in an eternal nightmare. Three volcanoes—the Lords of Doom—loom over the city on three sides. Each spews forth its portion of the collection of smoke and ash that has been visible for days.

In the valley beneath the volcanoes, the black cloud hangs oppressively, like a low ceiling supported by the vast mountains. Rivers of lava flow from each of the mountains, converging in the city itself. In fact, great sections of Sanction are blackened and ruined from the lava rivers, which finally reach the sea and harden, sending up hissing columns of steam.

After a few more days of walking, you arrive at the outskirts of the city itself. No trace of sunlight has penetrated the murky cloud layer since you came over the pass. You doubt that you will see any again, unless you manage to leave Sanction alive.

And this will be no easy task. Soldiers in the gaudy uniforms of the dragonarmies march to and fro in countless numbers. The city itself is crowded and stifling. No guardposts stand around it—obviously the

rulers think that no intruder would be likely to make it as far as you have, and they have taken few precautions to protect the city's border.

Passing among dirty, blackened buildings that press closely upon each other, you see a mazelike array of streets and alleys before you. Trying to look as if you belong here, you move into the streets of the Sanction slums. Turn to 200.

127

Your blow strikes the draconian squarely in the chest, and the monster staggers backward and falls heavily. The second makes a futile swing at you, but Silvara parries the blow with her blade. A moment later, Dargo leaps at that draconian, causing it to stumble back and trip over its fallen companion.

"Run!" you cry, turning down the alley.

Your companions preceding you, you dash around a corner and up a side street. Sprinting through a crowded marketplace, you choose another narrow alley and dart into it.

For several minutes you run, panic lending impetus to your flight. Finally, you pause, exhausted, and listen for sounds of pursuit. You hear none.

Turn to 36.

128

Your slashing attack separates the head of a large hobgoblin from the rest of the creature's body. In a movement synchronized with yours, Silvara cuts down another. Panting and growling, the gruesome reprobates pause, out of range of your swords. You wonder how soon they will attack again.

The moment's respite gives you an opportunity to cast a spell, should you choose to use it. Your most powerful enchantment, a Fireball spell, would catch

many of the monsters in its infernal blast, and it may well disperse the rest (157). If, instead, you will rely on Quicksilver to chase the already hesitating band away, go to 179.

129

The ship passes less than a mile away, but you remain motionless on your raft, and escape detection. As the ship passes, you recognize the pennant of a Dragon Highlord flapping from the stern.

The ship soon sails out of sight, and your lonely vigil on the horizon continues. The next days are like the previous ones—no land, nor another sail, appears.

Dargo disappears one night, and the next morning Silvara does not awaken. Your turn, you know, will come shortly.

Your adventure ends here. You may begin again, subtracting 2 from your initial hit point total for what you have lost.

130

The draconian stands about six feet away. It has apparently stumbled onto you by accident, but wastes no time recovering from its surprise.

Quicksilver whistles harmlessly over the monster's head as it ducks and then roars toward you in a charge. Although unarmed, the creature is equipped with claws and teeth enough to do considerable harm.

The outpost lights up as the door to the blockhouse bursts open. The other draconians, obviously alerted by this one's roar of rage, race out to investigate.

The monster's teeth chomp into your left arm as you attempt to dodge away. With a savage swing, you slash Quicksilver into the draconian's neck and feel the creature stiffen in death. You lose 3 hit points from the bite.

Turning quickly, you meet the leading draconian of the group, and drop it with a deadly cut. Three or four more of the creatures press you back, stabbing and slicing with a collection of spears and swords.

You see Dargo join the fight with a snarling leap and drag one of the monsters to the ground. Silvara appears at your side, helping to stem the tide of attacking draconians. You are still hard pressed, however, and give ground steadily.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, move on to **55**. If it is less, turn to **33**.

131

You detect a sudden movement near your foot and, instinctively, strike downward with Quicksilver. The blade slices through a huge centipede. Stepping quickly backward, you watch the creature's venomous mandibles thrash senselessly as it dies.

Alerted, you look around and see that there are many more of the foot-long creatures swarming toward you through the darkness. Quickly, you stab at another one.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, move on to **167**. If it is less, turn to **10**.



132

Your desperate thrust catches the draconian in the shoulder but only wounds the monster. In return, the draconian bites down on your sword arm with its powerful jaws. You lose 7 hit points.

If your hit points have dropped to 0 or less, your adventure ends here. If, however, you are still well enough to go on, turn to 49.

133

Your chains chafe against your wrists, and several times you nearly stumble because of the manacles on your feet. Your captors take delight in your discomfort, growling menacingly if you threaten to slow down. Triumphant, the draconians raise their weapons and gloat as they pass their fellows among the crowded buildings of Sanction.

You cannot keep track of all the turns you make



among the twisting streets of the city. At one point, you cross a wide granite bridge that passes over a river of flowing lava. The stone is blisteringly hot, even through your boots, but the draconians seem not to notice.

After crossing the bridge, your captors lead you up to a massive building, which protrudes from the side of one of the Lords of Doom and has been built in the shape of a dragon's gaping mouth. Silvara shudders as you pass beneath the sharp fangs descending from the roof of the entranceway.

"Prisoners to see Ariakus," grunts one of your escorts.

"Wait," growls another, standing guard just inside the entrance.

The guard, you notice, is one of the largest draconians you have ever seen, towering to a height of at least eight feet and endowed with a pair of massive wings folded over its back. This guard and several others you can see are garbed in distinctive red uniforms. All of these crimson draconians carry themselves with haughtiness and arrogance.

"Enter," growls the guard upon his return.

A pair of massive bronze doors open before you, and your party is prodded into a huge throne room. At the far end sits a solid-looking man. His features are concealed behind a grotesque mask of the type worn by all Dragon Highlords.

Turn to 198.

134

Weariness nags at your very bones. Desperately, you try to remain awake and alert, knowing that the security of your companions, and your mission, depends upon you. Finally, however, the irresistible pull of sleep closes your eyes.

Some hours later, you awaken to the sound of Dargo's frantic barking. Instantly leaping to your feet, you draw Quicksilver and curse yourself for falling asleep. As you stand, you see a large number of shadowy figures emerging from the woods, charging for your camp.

"Hobgoblins!" you cry, startling Silvara to alertness.

The elfmaid leaps to your side, her longsword gleaming in the faint light. Your elven nightvision reveals dozens of attackers. The hobgoblins are ugly, grunting, humanlike creatures. Though somewhat cowardly, they are capable of fighting ferociously.

Dargo leaps at the leading attacker, sinking his sharp teeth into the monster's throat, while a sudden strike with Quicksilver brings down the next one. Three more swarm in to attack, however, and you desperately wheel to face this new onslaught.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 19 or more, go to **140**. If it is less, turn to **51**.

135

Quicksilver's strike is fast, but the minotaur's reactions are even faster. The heavy battle-ax slices murderously, clanging against your magical sword and sending it spinning from your hands. Reeling from the blow, you stagger backward and fall.

In moments, several minotaurs leap through the breach and swarm over the deck of the *Jolly Widow*. The snarling Dargo is knocked aside with a vicious blow from a spear, and you see Silvara courageously defending herself against a horde of the bull-men.

Desperately climbing to your knees, you wipe the blood from your eyes and look for Quicksilver. The minotaurs don't seem to notice that you are up and

groping about, and you spot the silvery blade glinting in the sunlight. Seizing it, you climb to your feet.

"Here, you monster!" you cry, stabbing one of the minotaurs from behind.

With a bellow, the beast turns, and several of his companions close in on you as well. You see that Silvara is wounded and that you are surrounded by a ring of glittering steel spears and axes.

A large minotaur that seems to be the captain sneers at you. "Surrender, fool, or we shall be forced to kill you!"

You have heard terrifying tales about the captives of pirates, but you can see that you have little or no chance to continue the fight.

"Quickly, elf!" the minotaur urges, prodding you with a bloody trident.

If you want to surrender, turn to **151**. If you decide to continue fighting, go to **99**.

136

"Do you know of the hidden pass through the Doomrange?" inquires Warren, after you have made yourselves comfortable.

Showing him your map, you explain that you had planned to pass through the gap between the two nearest volcanoes.

"That way is well guarded," cautions the outlaw. He sketches a twisting line onto your map. "Scarcely a mile up the trail," he continues, "you will find a huge black rock, split long years ago by nature's forces. A narrow trail branches between the halves of the split rock, leading to a higher pass over here."

Warren points again to the map, and you see the location he speaks of. "No guards watch here, and I think the Highlords do not even know of its existence. You would be well advised to follow this route."

"Thank you," you reply. "We are grateful for the warning. Without it, we would certainly have passed under the noses of the dragonarmy's guards."

You sleep more comfortably this night than you have on any since your journey began, and it is with sadness that you bid farewell to Warren Windsound and his outlaws in the morning.

"Good luck," he wishes you heartily, claspings your hand tightly.

"Thank you," you reply, and turn to the trail. In a few minutes the camp is out of sight. Turn to 211.

137

The draconian reacts with amazing quickness. It easily deflects your blow, while its sword slams against your skull and knocks you backward. You lose 6 hit points.

If your hit points have dropped to 0 or less, your adventure ends here. If you are still well enough to go on, turn to 46.

138

The trail you follow narrows as it begins to climb into the mountains. Trees sprout to the sides—if the dry and spindly plants that surround you deserve to be called trees—making the path difficult to maneuver. In a few days, Sanction should be in sight.

"Halt!" The harsh voice reaches out from the woods, and you stop without thinking.

Before you can react, you see several dozen warlike humans, equipped with spears, bows and arrows, and a wide variety of swords, emerge from the scraggly undergrowth.

A tall warrior leads the group, standing in the trail before you and blocking any further advance.

"Who are you?" he demands. "And what business

brings you to the slopes of the Doomrange?"

Silvara moves up close to you and clasps your hand. "They don't look like any of the Highlord's infantrymen," she whispers hurriedly.

True, but they don't look friendly, either.

The warriors before you are closely clustered, and you realize that a well-placed spell could subdue many of them. With luck, you might be able to make an escape. On the other hand, the humans have not attacked. Can you risk talking to them?

If you want to fight your way out of the encounter, turn to section **67**. If, instead, you decide to talk to these people, turn to **106**.

139

With a gasp of pain, you stumble backward. The draconian's slash leaves ugly claw marks across your shoulder. You lose 4 hit points.

Recovering quickly, you again strike forward. The draconian is momentarily off balance, giving you an opening, but the monster makes a desperate slash at you even as it struggles to regain its footing.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to **125**. If it is less, repeat this section.

If, as a result of repeated attacks, your hit points drop to 0 or less, your adventure ends here.

140

Like the strike of a venomous snake, your magical sword lashes forward to drop one of the hobgoblins. You hastily recover your guard, preventing either of the other monsters from scoring a hit against you. Silvara battles courageously behind you, holding those at your back at bay.

Again you strike, and another hobgoblin falls. Sev-

eral more close in to replace it, though, and one of these strikes a grazing blow on your leg. The wound is not serious, but you lose 2 hit points.

You and Silvara back toward a thick tree trunk to try and break the circle of hobgoblins around you. Dargo snarls and bites somewhere in the melee, and you have no idea whether Fizban even woke up.

Cutting and slashing with Quicksilver, you wound a couple of hobgoblins, but the yowling, battle-crazed creatures close in more tightly.

Again, roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to **51**. If it is less, turn to **96**.

Remember, you can add experience points to your total before you roll the die.

141

The deck pitches violently beneath your feet, and salt spray lashes your eyes. Together, you and Captain Karyzzal pull the helm of the *Jolly Widow* slowly around, and the ship rocks even more heavily as she finally begins to cut across the current.

She breaks loose. The little ship surges forward, as if spit free by the force of the whirlpool. She slows gradually to a normal speed, and the roaring of the whirlpool fades.

You rush to where Silvara sits huddled, holding onto Dargo. "I'm okay, Gilthanas. Dargo probably wouldn't be afraid of the Dark Queen herself, but the storm frightened him terribly."

Smiling, you reach for Silvara's hand. "And you weren't frightened in the least, right?"

"Of course not," she retorts, her eyes sparkling.

The *Jolly Widow*'s deckhands are too tired for talk, but they nonetheless go over the ship methodically, tying down loose sails and repairing the minor dam-

age wrought by the maelstrom.

At sunset the captain joins you and Silvara at the rail. The haze of the whirlpool, now far to the west, shows in vivid colors against the rays of the low-lying sun.

"That could have been the end," the captain mutters around his pipe. "But perhaps your mission bears some protecting influence. "At least," he continues, "barring any other surprises, we should be in the Newsea by morning." Turn to 147.

142

You study your surroundings carefully as you move into the pass, knowing that this is a likely place for a guardpost. Your caution is rewarded, as you see a flicker of reptilian movement behind one of the looming rocks.

"Wait a minute," you whisper to your comrades. "We are walking into an ambush."

"Wait for my signal," you continue, "and we'll try to run for it."

You pause to consider the amount of magic power you have left. One of your spells, called "haste," would serve admirably to speed up you and your companions sufficiently to enable you to outdistance any pursuers. Without this spell, you may have a real fight on your hands.

If you want to use the spell to race through the pass, turn to 187. If you cannot afford to risk using magic at this time, turn to 2.

143

The draconian, perhaps overconfident because it is so much larger than you, slashes downward. You step quickly out of the way, and chop into the monster's flank with Quicksilver before the beast can recover.

Bellowing in pain, the draconian turns toward you, again too slowly. Your blade inflicts a mortal wound this time, hacking deep into the creature's vitals. Gasping and thrashing, it collapses and dies.

You turn to find a new opponent, and meet the heavy charge of another draconian. Once again, you attempt to dodge and attack.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **150**. If it is less, turn to **68**.

144

After dark, you, Silvara, and Dargo creep toward the draconian outpost. Fizban, with some grumbling, accepts your request that he "guard the rear." In reality, you want the old mage as far from any draconians as possible.

During the day, you counted about six draconians at the outpost. One is outside, patrolling, while the others have all gathered in one of the stone buildings, presumably their barracks. Silvara and Dargo are to attack the one on guard while you attempt to cast your spell on the draconians in the building.

Stealthily, you take up your position near the door of the building. Forcing yourself to be patient, you wait for the signal.

A loud growl and a yell of surprise from the draconian on guard tell you that Silvara and Dargo have begun their attack. As you expected, the door bursts open and the other draconians rush forward to their companion's aid.

Throwing a pinch of sand at the charging monsters, to activate the spell, you chant the words to your Sleep spell. As a combined mass, the charging soldiers slump to the ground and lie motionless. In moments, sounds of vigorous snoring rise from the pile

of draconians. Mark off a spell from your Character Stats Card.

You race quickly to Silvara's aid, but find her already cleaning her sword. The motionless body of the hapless draconian lies at her feet.

"Good work," you whisper, knowing that a loud noise might be enough to break the hold of the Sleep spell. Working smoothly, you and Silvara take the time to drink deeply and fill all of the waterskins. Carrying a bucket of water to Fizban, you collect the old mage and move hurriedly off into the night.

You gain 1 experience point. Turn to **192**.

145

With cool efficiency, the Shadowpeople spread out and prepare for combat. You admire their courage, as they face the most fearsome monster on the face of Krynn: a full-grown dragon.

Drawing Quicksilver, you move to the side. You know, as do the Shadowpeople, that the only way a group can hope to fight a dragon is to disperse. The monster's horrible breath weapon will probably kill any individuals caught in its effect. By spreading out, you hope to limit the number of victims the dragon can claim with an attack.

At your approach, the dragon rears to its full height, flapping threateningly. Its reptilian head reaches nearly to the top of the chamber. Bellowing in rage, the dragon turns its head to the side.

You see it breathe.

A column of black liquid squirts from the monster's mouth, striking one of the warriors squarely. The poor fellow does not even have time to scream; the caustic acid burns the flesh from his bones, leaving a clean skeleton to slump slowly to the floor.

"Attack!" The mental command comes from Greer,

and the whole party leaps forward.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, move on to 54. If it is less, turn to 32.

146

You decide to speak truthfully to these men. They may be able to help you, and in any event, they seem also to despise the Dragon Highlords.

"My story," you begin awkwardly, "was something of a fabrication. I did not know if we could trust you, but it seems that we share the same enemies."

The bandit leader looks immediately interested. Proceed to 85.

147

The wind freshens overnight, and the captain is as good as his word. Before dawn, the *Jolly Widow* coasts through the narrow strait between Newsea and Krynn.

Silvara, standing at your side, gazes toward your destination. "I feel that something terrible is happening to the good dragon eggs," she says, her voice a hoarse whisper. She turns to you, speaking quietly but with a sense of urgency: "We must bring the terror to a stop."

"I don't feel the foreboding that you do about the eggs, but I know that the Queen of Darkness will stop at nothing to keep the good dragons from warring against her. And I, too, am afraid of what she may be doing. We *will* stop her, Silvara. We have to!"

Turn to 11.

148

The draconian's smashing blow bounces harmlessly off of the stone floor, while with a feinting

parry, you cut a fatal gash in the monster's neck.

For a moment, the monsters fall back to regroup. Then, bellowing another challenge, they charge forward. Turn to 87.

149

As you walk toward the beggar, you quickly cast the Detect Magic spell. Mark off 1 spell from your Character Stats Card. As the enchantment takes effect, you stop in alarm.

The beggar radiates strong magic!

As you watch, the man begins to change shape before your eyes. His face contorts with a grimace of rage as he realizes that his deceit has been detected. His body hunches over, and his face takes on a shiny, scaled appearance. As wings begin to grow from his back, you recognize the form of a huge draconian.

"Run," you cry, backing away from the monster. As the creature lumbers after you, you hear your friends take flight. As quickly as you are able, you turn and join them.

For several minutes you race at top speed through the winding alleys. Fortunately, the creature cannot keep up with you. Only when you are certain that you have lost it do you pause to catch your breath.

Add 1 experience point to your total, and go to 9.

150

This draconian, too, fails to correctly judge your speed, and pays for his misjudgment with Quicksilver in his throat. With a wheezing gasp, the creature staggers backward. You follow up mercilessly, and your very next blow cuts the draconian down.

Looking around, you see that the Shadowpeople have finished off the rest of the draconians. The battle lasts only a few minutes. You feel more than a

twinge of sadness when you see that three of the warriors lie among the bodies of the draconians, but you are relieved that Silvara and Fizban are unharmed.

"Hurry, we must move on," urges Greer, with a mental command. "Or else," he concludes, indicating the dead, "their sacrifice will have been in vain."

Greer leads the way across the room. He quickly wrenches open a heavy door on the opposite side, and you follow him into another torch-lit corridor in the temple of Luerkhis. Turn to 110.

151

Giving Silvara a look of helpless apology, you turn to the minotaur captain and extend your sword.

"We surrender," you say, through clenched teeth.

"A very wise move," growls the huge, bull-headed creature. "Bind them!"

At his command, a dozen hairy paws grasp you and Silvara. Quickly, leather thongs hold your arms behind your backs.

"Up here!" calls one of your captors.

"What? Here now, unhand me!" Fizban's indignation would be comical under other circumstances, as the minotaurs rouse him from his nap. "At least let me put my hat on!"

His wounded dignity is apparently soothed as he adjusts the floppy hat, and Fizban is quickly pushed toward you and Silvara. "Well, at least I'm in good company," he declares cheerfully. "What do you suppose this is all about?"

"If you hadn't slept through the whole—" One of the minotaurs bashes you in the face with the haft of his spear, finishing your speech.

As you are hustled across a boarding ramp, you note that even Dargo has been bound and dragged aboard the pirate ship. The *Jolly Widow* is quickly

picked clean of valuables, and the minotaurs waste no time in setting her afire. Your eyes cloud with tears at the thought of the brave captain and his crew, all of whom have given their lives that your quest might be advanced.

And now it looks as though it will end in the hold of a minotaur pirate ship! Proceed to 214.

152

An unexpected voice from behind causes you to spin in alarm, Quicksilver at the ready. You relax as you see the speaker.

"Can't a person get a single minute's sleep around here?" grumbles Fizban, climbing to his feet from the bed of grass Silvara made for him.

Ignoring the bodies of the hobgoblins, even as he steps over one, the old mage walks up to you and wags an accusatory finger in your face.

"You two were making such a racket that you woke me from a fine dream! I'll thank you to be more considerate in the future."

With that, he stalks back to his bed and lies down, pointedly turning his back to you. In moments, he is snoring. Even Silvara shrugs in amusement. You and she examine your own wounds and Dargo's. After doing as much bandaging and cleaning as is possible, you follow Fizban's lead and collapse into an exhausted sleep.

The morning comes all too soon. Turn to 197.

153

Sobbing quietly, Silvara tries to absorb the shock of what you have just witnessed. Her feeling of guilt must be tremendous, knowing that the neutrality of the good dragons has been purchased by such foul deceit.

"The oath," you observe quietly, "obviously can no

longer be considered binding.”

For the first time, you see a glimmer in Silvara’s eyes showing the powerful creature that she really is.

“I must destroy these monsters,” she says, her voice rising in pitch as she speaks, “for what they have done to our children!”

“If it is your wish to attack, my warriors will aid you,” offers Greer. “But at least consider an alternative. We could gather the rest of our people and carry the remaining eggs to a place of safety before raising an alarm.”

Silvara clenches her fists and shakes a bitter tear from her eye. Her need for vengeance compels her to hasten to battle.

Fizban, who has been a silent observer to this exchange, places his hand on Silvara’s arm in restraint and speaks. His voice is more serious than you have ever heard it.

“You, Gilthanas, have been our leader throughout this quest. It is only fitting that you make the final decision. Know that, if you attack, my power will be with you.”

You consider the options. Should you attack the desecraters of the eggs immediately, perhaps saving more eggs from the perverted fate you witnessed (98)? Or, would it be better to call on the rest of the Shadowpeople to help you carry as many of the eggs to safety as you can before you are discovered (72)?

154

For the rest of the day, you race up the trail as quickly as you can, limited mainly by Fizban’s increasing fatigue. You and Silvara are able to help the old mage enough to keep him going, however, and you cover many rugged miles.

At nightfall you all collapse in a thicket near the

trail. For the first time, you listen for signs of pursuit, but hear nothing. Obviously, your illusionary red dragon gave the bandits pause for thought. Perhaps they never even realized that the monster was only a phantasm.

Your exhaustion diminished somewhat by a night of rest, you resume the march on the following day. The summit of the pass looms not too far away, and you know that beyond the mountains lies your objective: the foul city of Sanction. Turn to 193.



155

The massive bronze gates swing open at your approach, revealing a courtyard as bleak and functional as the outside of the structure. High towers line the walls, and each is manned by several alert draconians armed with crossbows. The stone of the walls is black and smooth, but the fortress looks as if it has been hastily constructed. The buildings within stand in a haphazard pattern, with narrow passages leading from one to another. None of the buildings have windows, and the doors you can see are all sturdy iron barriers.

"Move," growls the guard, pushing you forward again. "Do not tempt a draconian of the Red Watch!" The Red Watch, you realize, must be the huge draconians in the red uniforms that seem to be some kind of elite guard unit.



One of the iron doors swings open with a shrill creak. Your guards shove you brusquely through the doorway, around several corners, and down a long stairway. Finally you reach a corridor lined with many iron doors. The guard opens one of these with a long key.

"Inside," grunts the Red Watch draconian.

You realize that argument would be worse than useless, so you duck beneath the low-hanging door-frame and enter. Silvara, Fizban, and even Dargo join you. With a loud clang, the door slams shut, leaving you in darkness. Turn to 97.

156

Once you have all been forced into the dark hold, the draconians throw down a jug of water and some tough old biscuits. Hardly impressive cuisine for a dragon, a wizard, and an elven prince, it nonetheless goes down like a fine feast after your long stay on the raft. While you eat, you talk to Fizban.

"I was fishing!" he sputters indignantly. "And this . . . this SHIP came along and scared away all the fish."

"In the middle of Newsea?" you can't help asking.

"Don't interrupt! Anyway, I certainly wasn't going to move, and they didn't seem to want to change course. After they rammed me, they pulled me aboard."

The old wizard is famous for his bizarre comings and goings, though you wonder at the coincidence of his improbable story. At any rate, despite his scatter-brained nature and dubious magic ability, you have to admit that it is comforting to see an old friend in these bleak surroundings.

Silvara starts to bring Fizban up to date on your experiences, but the rocking of the hull is soothing, and soon you are all asleep. Turn to 4.



157

You begin chanting the words to your incantation. Silvara, sensing your intentions, calls Dargo to her side. The hobgoblins, regrouping for a moment to work up their nerve for another charge, pay little attention to your activity—until you send a small ball of glowing light floating from your fingertip. It floats toward them, and their bulbous eyes widen in alarm, but they do not realize the danger until it is too late.

As the hobgoblins turn, together, for the safety of the woods, a searing globe of explosive fire erupts in their midst. Silvara turns away in horror, and you feel sick to your stomach at the howling cries of the dying hobgoblins. Mark off a spell on your Character Stats Card.

Nearly a dozen survived outside of the fireball's radius, but they screech in panic and flee into the woods. You are certain that you have seen the last of the monsters for now.

"Why didn't you tell me that we were going to build a fire?" sniffs an insulted voice from behind you.

For the first time since the fight began, you notice Fizban. He is getting to his feet from the bed of grasses Silvara made for him. Apparently, he slept through the fight.

"I'm freezing," he declares, marching up to the flaming bushes and grass left in the fireball's wake.

“And you two stand here keeping the warmth all to yourselves!”

Indignant, the wizard turns his back to you.

The fires soon die, and you are too tired to argue with Fizban. You collapse into a sound sleep, but the morning arrives all too soon. Proceed to **197**.

158

Climbing to your feet, you leap back into the fray. The weapons of the Shadowpeople have wounded the dragon, but the damage drives it to a greater frenzy.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **123**. If it is less, go to **107**.

159

The words to your enchantment flow into you mind as soon as you choose your spell. You will cast a Phantasmal Force spell, which creates an illusion in whatever shape you wish. Grimly, you select the nature of the illusion, choosing something certain to frighten these men into retreat.

“Dragon!” you cry, pointing to the large crimson shape erupting from the underbrush. With cries of alarm, the bandits panic at the fearsome sight. Already, half of them have disappeared into the woods. Mark off one spell from your Character Stats Card.

“Follow me,” you whisper hoarsely to your companions, seeing that the bandits pay you no further attention in their desperate efforts to escape.

Silvara understands immediately and seizes Fizban by the arm to help him up the trail. You remain for a few moments, concentrating on the effect of the spell in order to make the red dragon appear as life-like as possible.

“Hurry!” Silvara calls.

Realizing that she and Fizban are nearly out of sight, you cast a quick glance around you. The bandits have all disappeared. Sprinting after your companions, you make your way hastily up the trail.

Turn to 154.

160

Thinking quickly, you turn toward the corridor where the approaching draconians are the nearest. Desperately chanting the words to a Web spell, you wave your hand before the mouth of the corridor moments before the leading draconian emerges.

Mark one spell off your Character Stats Card.

Instantly, the corridor is masked by a thick net of sticky webbing. Carried forward by the momentum of their advance, the first few draconians tumble into the web and howl, stuck fast.

You turn and see that groups of draconians from two more corridors are charging. If you can, and want to, cast another spell at one of the remaining groups of draconians, turn to 70. If you decide to fight your way out of this problem, go to 93.

161

"Let's play it safe," you decide. "Make the wide circuit to the south, and we'll come in along the Abanasinian coast."

"Aye," agrees the captain, but you detect a trace of disappointment in his voice.

For more than a week, you sail south, out of sight of land, before beginning a gradual shift to the east. After two more days, the flat, green coast of Abanasinia comes into view off the starboard bow.

The *Jolly Widow* courses easily along, rolling with the gentle swell, as the captain joins you in the bow.

"Say, elf," he begins—he never has learned your

name—"I'm curious about that haze out there."

You notice, for the first time, a grayish area on the horizon. It looks as if it may be a small storm, but the appearance is vaguely unnatural.

The captain continues. "You've got the best eyes aboard, I'll wager. How about climbing to the crow's nest and seeing what you can make out?"

You willingly ascend the mast and perch carefully in the small basket. You had looked at the crow's nest from the deck below, but you never appreciated how high it was until now.

Squinting against the glare of the sun, you study the haze in the distance for several minutes. Your ship is gliding closer to the mysterious gray area.

Make a perception check by rolling one die and adding the result to your perception skill score. If the result is 19 or more, turn to **92**. If it is less, turn to **204**.

Remember, you can add experience points to your total before you roll the die.

162

"Draconians!" you mutter in disgust. "I might have known."

"What do you think?" inquires Silvara quietly. "Do we stand a chance of getting some water, or should we move on and try to find another source?"

"I wish I knew," you say quietly, frustration welling up inside you.

Do you want to try and figure out a way to get some water from this well (**79**)? Or should you move on and look for a more convenient source (**185**)?

163

Once again, the monster's sword brushes aside Quicksilver, and sends you sprawling with a savage blow to your head. You lose another 4 hit points.

Groggy and stunned, you lie on the ground for a few seconds. You are vaguely aware of Silvara, bravely battling the two draconians, and of Dargo helping as best he can.

From somewhere, the draconians have gained reinforcements, however. In moments, the alley seems to be full of the huge, red-uniformed monsters.

"Rise and surrender," growls one of the largest. Snatching Quicksilver from your limp fingers, another jerks you roughly to your feet.

"I say we kill them now!" grunts one, bleeding from a wound on its leg. Obviously, Dargo's teeth found a victim during the brief fight.

"No—that's for the Highlord Ariakus to decide," replies the first, silencing any protests with a murderous glare.

The monsters quickly bind your hands and shackle your feet. A minute later you and your party are pushed toward the huge gates of the looming black fortress. Turn to 155.

164

Your second swing is even more effective than your first, and the red-robed draconian falls without a sound. Silvara and the last guard are completely entangled in the elfmaid's chains, and you waste no time pummeling the third draconian into submission.

"Hurry—find the keys!" you bark as you start searching the belts and pouches of one of the guards.

"Here, I think this will work," Silvara responds quickly, holding up a long key.

In moments, you have unlocked the chains and begin rubbing your chafed wrists to get your circulation moving again. A small crowd of bystanders has watched the fight, but surprisingly does not

interfere, an indication that the red-robed draconians are probably despised even here.

Dargo, upon his release, sniffs urgently at a large sack carried by one of the unconscious guards. Opening it, you find your weapons and other possessions that were taken when you were captured.

"Let's go," you say to your companions as soon as you outfit yourselves. Needing no further encouragement, they fall in behind you as you dart into a narrow alley. In moments, you have plunged deep into the Sanction slums.

You gain 1 experience point. Move on to 120.

165

This time your blow, accurate and powerful, strikes home. With an angry hiss, the draconian slumps to the deck. Leaping to Silvara's aid, you are able to slay the last draconian with a sharp attack from behind.

"Where's Fizban?" you ask, suddenly realizing you have heard nothing from the old man since the fight began.

"Up here," calls a sailor from the foredeck, looking down at Fizban's customary napping spot. "Come, look at this, sir."

Sprinting to the bow, you look in amazement at Fizban, who apparently has not awakened during the entire battle. His floppy hat is pulled over his face. The most astounding sight, however, surrounds him: three draconians lie dead, without a mark on their bodies, less than a foot from the old wizard!

With a smile of amusement, you turn and look for the warship. Much to your relief, it lies far astern, and will soon be out of sight.

You look back and see that every member of your crew is wounded and bleeding but, miraculously, still



alive. Real hope fills your heart for the first time in ages, and you raise your sword over your head in triumph. "Onward to Sanction!" you call, to the crew's hurrahs. Turn to **77**.

166

You come around slowly, aware of Silvara's hands stroking your fevered forehead. A dim memory of unspeakably horrible nightmares thankfully fades into the background. You realize that it is morning.

"Don't drink the water," you manage to gasp, and the elfmaid smiles sadly.

"We know. We saw what happened to you." Silvara shudders, and the memory of your nightmare-ridden sleep returns for a moment.

Shaking the thoughts away, you struggle to your feet, saying, "I think I can move on now."

You reel dizzily as you rise, and are suddenly aware that the water was more potent than you had realized. Grimacing in discomfort, you nonetheless lead your little expedition farther into the wilderness of Estwilde. Turn to **168**.

167

Your sword flicks forward and cleanly kills another of the slithering centipedes. Silvara skewers two more, and Dargo kills one, also.

But the hallway is full of the monsters. Falling back, you strike again and again at them, slaying many, but not slowing down their advance. Turn to **26**.

168

Estwilde sprawls for miles around you, a dry and barren country. The sparse grass crunches underfoot, and the only larger plants are some spindly, thorny bushes. In the haze of the distance, towering bluffs of

yellow stone jut from the horizon like giant fangs. An occasional bird of prey soars overhead, coasting on updrafts and high winds, but there is no other sign of animal life in Estwilde.

Nor do you find water.

By the fourth day of your journey across this wasteland, you begin to worry about your water supply. You, Silvara, and Dargo each carry a large skin of drinking water—enough to last a week or a little longer. It will take more time than that, though, to cross Estwilde, so you must find a source of water somewhere in this hostile country.

On your fifth day in Estwilde, you crest a low pass between two of the craggy bluffs. Below, you spot the first signs of habitation you have seen in days. A pair of square stone buildings stand to either side of a tall tower. Just beyond the buildings lies a well.

The structures look suspiciously like a military outpost, so caution is essential. Estwilde, as well as the rest of this section of Krynn, lies firmly under the control of the dragonarmies.

This garrison is almost certain to be hostile.

Turn to 173.

169

“Let’s wait here and see what happens,” you suggest, caution rather than curiosity winning out in your decision.

For several minutes, you try to penetrate the inky blackness beyond the secret passage, but see nothing. Suddenly, the door swings shut!

You leap forward, and try to push it open, but it refuses to budge. You all attempt to discover any cracks around it that you might be able to use to gain some leverage.

But your search turns up nothing.

Some unmeasurable time later, a band of the Red Watch draconians comes into your cell, and drags Silvara away. Your attempts to rescue her are met with cold steel, and the door shuts in your face with a funereal clang.

You are never to see the elfmaid again. Your heart bursting with grief and despair, you grow weaker and weaker in the cell. You know now that she has been tortured and probably killed as your cruel captors attempt to learn about your mission.

You do not know the fate of Fizban or Dargo because your turn comes next. The instruments of torture are varied, and foully effective. At least, as the last breath leaves your body, you know that your suffering is over.

Your adventure ends here. You may begin again, if you wish, taking along the information you have gained from this attempt.

170

You, Fizban, and Silvara spend the rest of the day talking, but you never get an explanation as to why the old mage appeared in the middle of the Newsea in a small rowboat. Finally, you give up trying.

For several more days, you enjoy pleasant sailing, sighting neither land nor the sail of another vessel. On your fifth day in Newsea, however, the call rings down from the crow's nest: "Sail astern!"

Rushing to the stern rail, you join the captain in gazing at the misty horizon. In a few minutes, you make out the triangular sail of a small ship. The other vessel seems to be following you.

"Too small to be a merchant!" growls Karyzzal. "We can wait for her to catch up, and see what she wants, or we can lay on some more sail and see if we can outrun her. What do you think?"

You look at the small sail, still far astern. Chances are good that the crew of the strange ship will not be friendly, but if you flee immediately, you will display your guilt before you have identified the threat.

The captain has left the decision to you. If you want to continue at the present pace, turn to **65**. If you decide to flee from the strange ship, go to **177**.

171

All you can see of Fizban is his huge, floppy hat silhouetted against the dark night sky. "Fizban!" shouts Silvara, releasing her grasp on the tree and wading into the churning water.

"Wait!" you scream across the tumult, but it's too late. Silvara is caught up in the torrent, too, and you must follow. Struggling to remain afloat, you smash into trees, rocks, and other obstacles. The storm abates quickly, but the engorged stream rushes along. You lose 4 hit points from the pounding.

You surge forward on the water, catching up to Silvara, and then you hear a bark and a voice ahead of you.

"Confound it! I said HAIL, not RAIN!"

You see Fizban, standing on the bank, shaking his fist angrily at the clouds. The sopping wet cooshee accompanies Fizban in his angry mutterings, howling up at the heavens as though he, too, comprehends the error.

The water slows, and sputtering and gasping, you and Silvara climb up on the bank a little farther downstream, and walk back to join the pair.

Seeing, as you approach, that you are getting ready to say something, Fizban speaks first.

"Why, that's okay, my boy!" he says, chuckling. "There's no need to thank me!"

Turn to **111**.



172

Your clandestine observance of the black fortress is interrupted as you note two bands of the red draconians moving stealthily along the edges of the avenue before you. They seem to be converging on the alley where you wait in concealment.

"Let's get out of here!" you whisper, urgently.

Silvara, Fizban, and Dargo bolt down the alley, and you turn to follow. The draconians abandon all pretense of stealth and break into a run after you.

Darting around corners, through marketplaces, and across crowded intersections, your party flees through the slums of Sanction. You marvel at the spry movements of the old mage.

To your relief, the head start you had on the draconians proves adequate. You outdistance the lumbering creatures and lose them in the twisting alleys.

Only when you can run no farther, however, do you stop and collapse, panting, in a secluded nook in a quiet alley. Turn to 36.

173

"Let's keep an eye on this place for a while," you suggest. With a longing look at the well, Silvara agrees.

"Nonsense!" declares Fizban, to your consternation. "I say we go down and get a drink!"

The old man strides forward, and it is with great difficulty that you and Silvara persuade him to stop.

"We will get water—later," you promise, from your station on Fizban's chest.

After an hour you see a creature emerge from one of the buildings and draw a bucket of water from the well. True to your suspicions, it is a draconian, a lizardlike aberration of a man, with small wings, ugly clawed hands, and a generally scaly visage. Go to 162.

174

Again you lunge, and Quicksilver strikes its unfortunate target. The draconian drops with a thud, and suddenly the rest lose their enthusiasm for the fight. They turn and bolt into the darkness.

"Let's get out of here," you call.

Silvara and Fizban start to make their way back the way you came. You all manage to avoid the trigger for the trap, and soon climb the long stairway back to the ground level.

"Wait a minute," says Silvara as you are about to lead the group back into the temple. "I think we should patch up our wounds a little so we're not so conspicuous."

"Good idea," you admit, ruefully realizing that you almost made a serious mistake. "Thanks for mentioning it."

You quickly clean yourselves up, and manage to sneak out of the temple undiscovered.

"Let's investigate *that* temple," you suggest, pointing to the abandoned structure to the northwest. "It's the closest to here, and it doesn't seem to have as many troops around."

The others agree with the wisdom of your suggestion. Crossing the bridge over the lava river, you once again enter the slums of Sanction. Moving as quickly as you can, you head toward your new destination.

Turn to 182.

Your blade slices into the charging draconian with a rapid whoosh, and you quickly pull it back to yourself. The creature turns to stone and crashes to the ground, but by that time, you have already joined Silvara at the boulder. You notice that Fizban is nowhere to be seen.

The monsters rush you and the elfmaid, and for several minutes, you fight savagely to fend them off. Both of you are wounded. Mark off 4 hit points from your Character Stats Card.

Without warning, the draconians retreat, disappearing into the mists of the smoky pass. Dargo, limping on an injured paw, joins you, but Fizban is still nowhere to be seen.

"We've got to move," you decide, wondering what could have happened to the old mage. "There's no telling when they'll attack again, with reinforcements."

"Quite reasonable," agrees a familiar voice at your side, and you suddenly see the old wizard standing next to you. Apparently he had become invisible for the duration of the battle.

With relief, you gather your small band and move down the mountain toward Sanction. Turn to 94.

As you step away from the swinging battle-ax, your foot catches on a loose tile, apparently fallen from the roof of Fizban's draconian house. You slip awkwardly to one side and fall.

Fortunately, the draconian's blow does not strike you squarely. Instead, the battle-ax rakes across your upraised arm, inflicting 4 hit points of damage.

Scrambling to your feet, you seek an opening so that Quicksilver can strike a telling blow.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, move on to **215**. If it is less, repeat this section.

If, as a result of repeated attacks, your hit points drop to 0 or less, your adventure ends here.

177

You quickly realize that any vessel in the Newsea is likely to be hostile. "I suggest we try to get away," you tell the captain.

"My thoughts, as well," he agrees. "Lay on the sail, men! Let's see how much speed we can get out of this old tub!"

Sailors immediately scamper into the rigging, and several more sheets of canvas drop and billow with the freshening breeze. Standing on the deck, you can feel the *Jolly Widow* picking up speed as she cuts into the surging waves.

An hour later, however, you realize that the ship will never be able to outrun the fleet, small ship that pursues you. It draws noticeably closer, and will no doubt catch you by the end of the day.

The little vessel pulls steadily nearer, and in a few hours is only two or three hundred yards behind the *Jolly Widow*. Squinting through the mist and spray, you try to get a look at the crew.

Your heart chills as you realize that your pursuers walk upright on the bodies of men, but have the heads and spreading horns of angry bulls.

"Minotaurs!" you call in warning. "She must be a pirate ship!"

The bull-men have long been the scourge of Krynn's seas, pirating and plundering wherever they go. Huge and strong, the arrogant minotaurs fear nothing else on Krynn.

Turn to **121**.

Your abortive escape attempt easily foiled, the draconian jerks you to your feet.

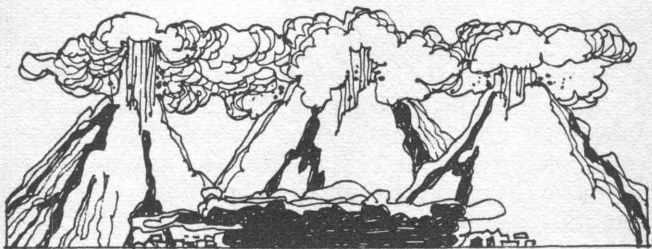
"Try that again," it sneers, "and you will die by my blade!"

You have no doubts as to the sincerity of the threat. Bleeding, you limp forward toward the dark gates of the Duerghast prison. Turn to 155.

Just as you decide to rely on your skill with a sword—and Silvara's—to win this fight, the hobgoblins put that skill to the test. They charge forward in a howling mass, and your elven blades clash into the crude swords of your enemies. Dargo, although wounded, still fights the monsters aggressively.

Several times, the hobgoblins feel the fatal cut of your weapons, but there are always more of the repulsive creatures to fill in the gaps left by those you kill, and their weapons nick you more than once. You lose 2 hit points.

Desperately you defend yourself, and again the hobgoblins hesitate. Their numbers have thinned, but they see that you and Silvara are wounded. Turn to 88.



180

You recover relatively fast, but it is already too late. Shaking your head, you see that Silvara and Fizban are being bound by a pair of draconians. Struggling to your feet, you are grabbed by several more of the monsters. In seconds, they bind your hands tightly behind your back. Turn to **50**.

181

An icy chill darts up your spine, raising the hairs on your neck and scalp. You sense that the darkness around your camp holds something hostile and menacing, but you are not sure what. No wind disturbs the night's stillness, but you hear a rustling of branches to one side.

Quickly you rouse your companions, while your keen eyes, aided by the elven gift of nightvision, struggle to penetrate the surrounding gloom.

"What is it?" Silvara whispers, standing beside you.

"I don't know, but there are many of them," you answer. Hurriedly stringing your bow, you nock an arrow, still searching for whatever is lurking out there.

"What's all the commotion?" inquires Fizban loudly.

At that, the woods erupt with humanoid figures, charging toward your encampment whooping howls of battle. Turn to **12**.

182

After an hour of stealthy progress through the tangled passages of the Sanction slums, you find yourselves standing before the ruined temple on the slopes of the smoldering volcano. Advancing across the open space before the temple, you climb the gradual slope and move closer to the crumbling building.

At one time this must have been a spectacular temple, you realize, although now it crumbles and de-

cays. The stone walls stand tall, but the doorways are dark, the wooden portals long turned to dust.

"Well, I guess it's time to go in," you say tentatively.

"You can lead the way, sir," agrees Silvara, with an attempt at teasing.

Stepping through one of the gaping doorways, you wait several minutes while your eyes grow accustomed to the darkness. Slowly, you move forward.

"I dare say" —Fizban's voice shatters the quiet—"we could use some light here."

"Shhhh!" you hiss insistently, panicked at the thought of being discovered.

"Gilthanas and I can see in the dim light, Fizban. I'll lead you," whispers Silvara.

Your relief is tangible as visions of a Fireball spell gone wrong come to mind—a brilliant flame lighting up the hallway and sizzling you all, or at least spotlighting your location for anyone who might be interested.

You proceed down the wide hallway, passing several large rooms to either side. After a hundred feet, the hallway turns to the left. As you round the corner, the limited illumination from the doorway behind you decreases dramatically. You move through almost pitch darkness now.

Roll a die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total is 19 or more, turn to **131**. If it is less, go to **75**.

183

With a bellow of pain and rage, the draconian impales itself upon your blade. Thrashing about and flapping its wings, the monster tumbles over the side and disappears in the Newsea.

Quickly you turn to Silvara, just as Dargo lodges

his fangs in the last draconian's throat. Silvara stabs the beast for good measure, and the fight is over.

"Where's Fizban?" you ask, realizing that the old man hasn't been in sight since the battle began.

"Up here," calls a sailor from the foredeck, looking down at Fizban's customary napping spot. "Come, look at this, sir."

Sprinting to the bow, you see in amazement that Fizban apparently did not awaken during the entire battle. His floppy hat is still pulled over his face. The most astounding sight, however, surrounds him: three draconians lie dead, without a mark on their bodies, less than a foot from the old wizard!

Fizban has, as usual, demonstrated his powers when no one has been around to see what happened.

With a smile of amusement, you turn and look for the warship. Much to your relief, it lies far astern, and will soon be out of sight.

You look back and see that every member of your crew is wounded and bleeding but, miraculously, still alive. Real hope fills your heart for the first time in what seems like ages, and you raise your sword over your head in triumph. "Onward to Sanction!" you call, to the crew's hurrahs.

Turn to 77.

184

With cool efficiency, the Shadowpeople spread out and prepare for combat. You admire their courage, as they face the most fearsome monster on the face of Krynn: a full-grown dragon.

"Wait!" you whisper urgently, forgetting in your excitement that you can communicate mentally. Something about this dragon makes you pause.

Staring hard, you scan the reptilian shape visible in the scanty torchlight coming from the hall behind



you. You detect a copper glint to its scales.

"That's a good dragon!" you say aloud. "It's copper colored, not red or blue like the evil dragons."

"You're right!" echoes Silvara. "Don't attack. We can talk to it."

Now you see the monster slithering over the floor toward you. Its vast wings lie flat against its back, but even so, the sheer size of the creature awes you.

Silvara steps forward. "Greetings, dragon of copper!"

The dragon responds, in a voice soft but heavy with menace. "Who are you, who dare to enter the lair of Cymbal?"

"We are friends of the good dragons," Silvara answers, her voice ringing strongly in the darkness.

The copper dragon pauses, and raises his head as it ponders this information. "Good dragons . . . Yes, I myself dwelt on the Isle of Dragons, among the gold and silver dragons. . . . That was a long time ago." The dragon speaks in a hesitant, wistful way.

"We seek the eggs of the good dragons," continues the elfmaid.

"No!" Cymbal reacts violently. For a moment, you fear he might breathe a gout of fire onto you.

"None may see those eggs! They are my charges, my children. It is my duty . . . our future . . . the Queen told me . . ." The copper dragon's voice chokes off in a sob. You swallow hard as you comprehend the situation. The poor dragon is quite mad.

Turn to 84.

185

"Let's move on," you say, trying to hide the discouragement you feel. "We can't afford to risk our plans on a chance like this."

As night falls, your little party has no difficulty

moving around the outpost and continuing on. The thought of fresh water, so close yet unattainable, galls you, but you stick to your decision.

For several more days, you trudge across Estwilde. As you suspected, you run out of water before you discover another water source. Yet you continue on. Silvara holds up fairly well, but Fizban is slowing down. He wipes his dry lips repeatedly with his broad sleeve. Even you are suffering from fatigue and lack of water. Subtract 3 hit points from your total.

Finally, you stumble upon another outpost much like the one you already passed. Two square houses flank a tower and an open well. This time, you spot a half-dozen draconians in less than an hour of observing the outpost.

Once again you must decide whether to get water or move on, but this time the stakes are higher. Do you dare pass by this outpost? But do you have a chance of reaching the water if you try?

If you decide to try and get water here, turn to **79**. If you decide, as before, to move on, turn to **14**.

186

The tall warrior you just “conversed” with, called Greer by the other Shadowpeople, seems to be the leader of the war party. He advances at the head of the party as you move into the tunnel, with you and Silvara right behind. You note, with admiration, that the Shadowpeople’s vision seems to be as effective in complete darkness as your own elvensight. The party advances without a flicker of light to show the way.

You realize, as a hand comes up from behind and takes Silvara’s hand away from yours, that Fizban cannot see in the darkness. Though slightly disappointed at the loss of the delicate warm hand that felt so comforting within your own, you are glad that the

old mage chose to walk with Silvara's help rather than light up the hallway with a lightning bolt.

You march for what seems like a long time. Finally, a message comes from Greer.

"We are now at the temple of Luerkhisis. We must proceed with caution."

The description entering your mind fits the dragon-shaped temple on the northeast side of Sanction. Greer stops at what appears to be a blank wall, but a second look shows you the faint outlines of a secret door. Already the warrior bends down to work a concealed mechanism.

The door swings slowly open. Beyond lies a dank corridor, illuminated by flickering torchlight and running perpendicular to the secret tunnel. Poking his head into the corridor, the Shadowwarrior looks from side to side.

"It's empty," he informs the rest of the party. You move forward, your heart beating rapidly at the realization that you walk through the very heart of the dragonarmies' empire. An aura of evil, so strong that you can practically taste it, pervades this hall.

Turn to 52.



187

You quickly utter the words to your magic spell, making certain that Fizban, Silvara, and Dargo are all within the area of effect. In moments, the enchantment descends around you, and you feel the tin-

gling sensation of hastened abilities. Mark off a spell from your Character Stats Card.

"Now run!" you order, leaping forward yourself. Your companions join you, and you hear howls of outrage from the surrounding rocks as a number of draconians leap forward to try and stop you.

Your speed is much too great, however, and the pursuing draconians soon fall behind. You are barely breathing hard as you move down the trail, covering vast distances with each leaping step.

The spell's effect lasts for nearly ten minutes, and by the time it has worn off, you have covered several miles. Your pursuers are far behind you.

"We must keep moving!" you urge your companions. "They are certain to spread the alarm."

With nods of assent, the others maintain their swift pace down the trail. Ahead, somewhere in the smoky distance, lies Sanction. Turn to 94.

188

Another draconian drops from the deadly thrust of your sword, while Silvara cuts one near her with a fatal wound. Still, the monsters press around you, eager for blood.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 22 or more, move on to 125. If it is less, turn to 19.

189

Captain Karyzzal is as good as his word, and the sun has not yet crested the ridges surrounding Palanthus Bay as the *Jolly Widow's* lines are cast free and she turns her bow slowly to the sea. The tide carries the little ship along slowly, and soon a rising wind balloons the sails on the two masts. By noon, the *Jolly Widow* rides jauntily along, creating a trail

of foaming wake.

The twelve veteran sailors take their tasks seriously and avoid conversing with you and Silvara. The captain provides you with a comfortable cabin below deck, but both you and Silvara spend your first day at sea standing at the bow, wondering what the future holds.

As evening's chill descends, Silvara moves closer, and your arm slips naturally around her shoulders. Her warmth is comforting, and for the first time in months, your mind is not obsessed by thoughts of her true nature.

The *Jolly Widow* advances swiftly for several weeks, emerging from the fjord that provides Palanthus access to the sea, and then charging southward through the ocean passage that divides the lands of Solamnia from the huge Ergoth islands. Silvara's company delights you, and time passes quickly.

All too soon, it seems, the time arrives for the ship to cut eastward and enter the Highlord-controlled Newsea. At this point, the captain seeks your advice.

"How anxious are you to arrive?" he asks. "We can shave off a week of sailing time by cutting in along the coast of Caergoth, but we stand a good chance of meeting a Highlord raider that way. Or we can slip a bit farther south, and come in along the coast of Abanasinia. It's not so likely there'll be shipping down there."

Silvara turns to you, the question in her eyes. You know that every moment the question of the eggs remains unresolved causes her pain, but you have been enjoying this time together, and, as the captain pointed out, the long route will probably be safer.

If you want to turn east and race for Sanction, turn to 22. If you would prefer to continue south and take the wider turn, go to 161.

Desperation seems to increase your skill, and in the blink of an eye, your deft attacks wound three of the hobgoblins. Silvara and Dargo, too, take their toll on the creatures.

Almost acting as one being, the hobgoblins lose their stomach for the fight, mutter and growl, and back away. Finally, they turn together and rush for the safety of the woods.

Move on to **152**.

You hope, at this critical juncture, to use your magic to avoid a fight. Advancing carefully, you begin to chant the incantation for your Sleep spell. At the sound of your voice, the draconians leap to their feet in alarm. Before they can react, however, your spell drops the entire group into a snoring heap. Mark off a spell on your Character Stats Card.

"Very nice," congratulates Greer from behind you.

"Thank you," you think, beginning to enjoy the ease of mental communication.

Advancing swiftly, you reach the door and prepare to open it.

Turn to **213**.

By morning, you have traveled many miles from the draconian outpost. You seek shelter in a shallow cave, realizing that you will have to rest awhile to recover your strength from the grueling night march.

"At least," groans Silvara as she slumps to the cave floor, "we have water again."

Indeed, the liquid is cold and refreshing. You rest for the whole day, enjoying the respite from the burning sun as much as the taste of water.

“Perhaps we should travel at night,” you suggest.

The others readily agree, so you prepare to move out after sunset. Conserving your water, you nonetheless make good time by traveling in the cool of the evening. Faint starlight and, later on, the glowing cool light of Krynn’s silver moon illuminate your path.

For several more days, you maintain a regular schedule of resting during the day and marching at night.

Gradually, the land begins to climb. Your pace becomes more urgent, as you sense that, at last, you are nearing the forbidding range of mountains that surrounds Sanction.

After what seems like an endless climb, before you, smoking against the skyline, you see the towering peaks of the Lords of Doom.

Turn to 138.

193

Smoke and ash pour from the massive mountains to either side of you, clouding your vision and choking your lungs. Each step requires a major effort, but you draw gradually closer to the pass.

Finally the trail levels out in a wide saddle between the two huge volcanoes. The smoke is so thick that you have no idea what time of day it is. You take some consolation in the fact that from here on, the journey will be downhill.

Without even pausing to rest, you march through the pass and begin to descend on the other side. The landscape is barren of living things, with only black rocks jutting up from the ground in scattered patterns. No plants grow here, nor is there any water.

Roll a die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total is 20 or more, turn to 142. If it is less, go to 114.



194

You duck, barely in time, and feel the rush of the hammer slipping past your head. At the same time, your enchanted blade cuts through the giant's heavy cloak and bites deep into his flesh.

With a howl of pain, the monster lurches backward. Silvara's sword leaves a bloody gash in the giant's thigh, and Dargo still retains his hold.

Deciding quickly that the odds are no longer in his favor, the giant spins away and leaps down the mountainside, a flurry of tumbling snow accompanying him. Dargo chases the monster for a hundred yards, but the giant is soon out of sight. Turn to 31.

195

Leading the way through his chamber, the huge copper dragon reminds you of a happy puppy bouncing at the side of a new master.

"The eggs are in different rooms, up here. I keep them neatly sorted—gold, silver, bronze, brass, and copper, each in their own room." The dragon chatters enthusiastically.

"And here," he continues, indicating a room to the side, "is the teleportation room. It goes directly to the Isle of Dragons. That's my home, you know. That's how we brought the eggs here. We had to, the Queen and I, for they were in terrible danger."

Cymbal stops and eyes you all, very seriously. "There are some who would seek to harm them, and so we brought them here for safekeeping."

"Ah, here we are." The copper dragon stops beside the first of several doors opening to the sides of the corridor. "The gold eggs. Are they not beautiful?"

You have to admit that they are. Gleaming even in the faint light, looking like massive nuggets of the purest gold, the gold dragon eggs line the floor of a

good-sized room.

"And beyond are the rest," says Cymbal. "I will leave you to look at them yourself. I must get back to my post. They count, after all, on my vigilance to protect the eggs."

You wince as you watch the pathetic dragon return up the corridor. How cruelly he has been misled by the Queen of Darkness. Obviously, he is completely ignorant of the fact that the eggs are being held hostage, buying the inaction of the good dragons.

Once more, you turn your attention to the eggs. Turn to 115.



196

The lashing claws of the draconian deflect your blade, while at the same time its viciously barbed tail slashes around and strikes you in the leg.

Take 5 hit points of damage.

Lurching back against the rail of the ship, you barely retain your grip on your sword. The draconian that struck you turns its attention momentarily to Silvara, raking her hip with a savage cut that sends her sprawling onto the deck.

Quickly you regain your balance and rush in for the attack. Once again, the draconian turns to meet your charge.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, move on to **165**. If it is less, turn to **206**.

197

Aching all over, you awaken to a chill, gray dawn. After checking the bandages on your wounds, you get your little expedition organized to move on again in search of the dragon eggs. The goal seems obscure, though, as you march again across the trackless plains. Turn to **118**.

198

"Come forward," commands the figure on the throne, in a voice that booms with authority.

Once again, draconians prod you forward, but you notice that your original escort has been replaced by several of the red-robed draconians, all of which tower above the normal height for that race.

"What are these?" the Highlord asks, disdainfully indicating you with the back of his hand.

"Prisoners, my Lord," growls one of the draconians. "As you can see, they are elves. We brought them to you, as per your orders."

You notice with surprise that the red-robed draconian is not only larger, but a good deal more articulate than other members of his kind.

"So," ponders the Highlord, turning his attention to you. "What are your names?"

"Release the woman and the old man," you request, "and I will tell you what you wish to know."

"Treacherous spies!" thunders the masked general. "Do you take the Highlord Ariakus for a fool?"

Tactfully, you refrain from answering the Highlord's question. His tirade continues.

"Take them to the torture chambers of Duerghast!

They are to receive the most deliberate of attention. Report to me when they have been broken."

With that, the Highlord turns his attention to other matters, and the draconians push you roughly from the audience chamber. Once under the smoke-heavy sky of Sanction again, they shove you back over the bridge and down a wide avenue. Ahead looms a black fortress, built into the side of another of the volcanoes. You have no trouble deducing that this is Duerghast, your destination.

You look around frantically. There must be some hope of escape! You see that your guards number only three, and that none of the other troops on the street seem to pay you any attention. Still, with your hands and feet chained, your chances of succeeding in a fight against these hulking draconians seem minimal.

But ahead waits torture and imprisonment. You wonder if it wouldn't be better to attempt to escape now, perhaps using your chains as a weapon to attack the draconians. Even if you do not succeed, your fate will probably be no worse than that already decreed for you.

If you decide to attempt an escape, turn to **113**. If you decide instead to see what the fortress of Duerghast holds in store for you, move on to **209**.

199

After several hours of exploring, you stumble upon an open plaza. By moving to the center of the area, you can look around the city.

The most significant features are three temples, each poised on the slopes of one of the Lords of Doom. You feel certain that the secret of the good dragon eggs will be concealed in one of the temples.

One, to the northwest, seems to be approaching a state of ruin. Obviously very old, it was once sur-

rounded by high walls and stately towers, which have now collapsed.

Another, to the northeast, seems to be the center of much activity. Troops march in and out of the vast front gates in a constant stream. The temple itself bears a vague resemblance to the head of a dragon.

The temple to the south is made of black stone and looks much like a fortress. Tall towers and a high wall surround the forbidding structure, and a huge bronze gate stands shut at the entrance.

You know that your search will end in one of these temples. You must decide which one to search first. If you wish to explore the ruined temple to the northwest, turn to **182**. If you want to examine the dragonlike temple to the northeast, go to **216**. Or if you decide to try and enter the black fortress to the south, move on to **74**.

200

"Keep your hood up!" you warn Silvara, as a band of draconians troops past. The monsters, you note with relief, are far too involved in their drunken revelry to pay any attention to you.

"Thanks for reminding me," responds the elfmaid.

"We have to be careful," you continue. "I'm sure they're none too fond of elves around here." You know that both of you must take care to keep your pointed ears concealed, or you will no doubt be recognized as members of the elven race.

You walk through Sanction for several hours, wondering how to find the good dragon eggs. You seek a point of vantage, where you can get a look at the city. The buildings press in so closely on the narrow streets that, thus far, you have not been able to see anything other than the block you stand in.

"Let's try this way," you suggest, starting down an-

other narrow, winding alley. Silvara, Fizban, and Dargo troop along behind. Turn to 199.

201

The White Dolphin Inn stands at the fringes of the waterfront, yet you reach it in a few minutes. You wonder, briefly, if you are really eager to help Silvara, or if you just want to see her again.

The main room of the inn is quiet, with few patrons about at this early hour. The innkeeper, a stooped and graying old man, looks up as you enter.

"I'm looking for an elven woman called Silvara," you begin. "She said that she would stay here."

"She has the room at the end of the hall," the innkeeper replies, gesturing to a stairway that leads to the second floor.

The door swings open when you knock, and you see Silvara on the other side of the room, standing on a balcony overlooking an inner courtyard. Once again, you are stunned by her beauty, but you angrily shake off your feelings as she turns to face you.

"Thank you for coming," she greets you. The sincerity in her voice is apparent, and you feel cheap and selfish for even considering ignoring her plea.

"I understand the pain you must feel," she continues. "I am sorry that I had to keep my nature a secret for so long . . . for too long."

You understand what she means. You did not learn that she was a dragon until after you had fallen in love with her.

"I have tried to put my pain behind me," you answer. "I come as your friend, because you say you need help."

"Yes," she replies, as if reminded of her mission. "Will you join me on the balcony? We can talk here."

Turn to 71.

202

The other draconian falls as quickly as the first. The momentum of your charge carries you into another, which scrambles to get out of the way. As it falls, dead, you see that your companions have dispatched the rest of the monsters.

Turning to the wooden door, you prepare to open it. Turn to 213.

203

The hobgoblins press their attack with uncharacteristic bravado and savagery. Several more fall to your skillful defense, but occasionally one of their crude swords reaches you or Silvara and draws blood. You lose 4 hit points.

It is only when a handful stand amid the scattered bodies of their comrades that the hobgoblins finally lose their stomach for the fight. Apparently, the treasure they had hoped to gain by slaying your party does not make up for the high cost of the fight.

They pull slowly back, watching you warily for a moment. Then, as if acting on a cue, they turn and run for the woods. Turn to 152.

204

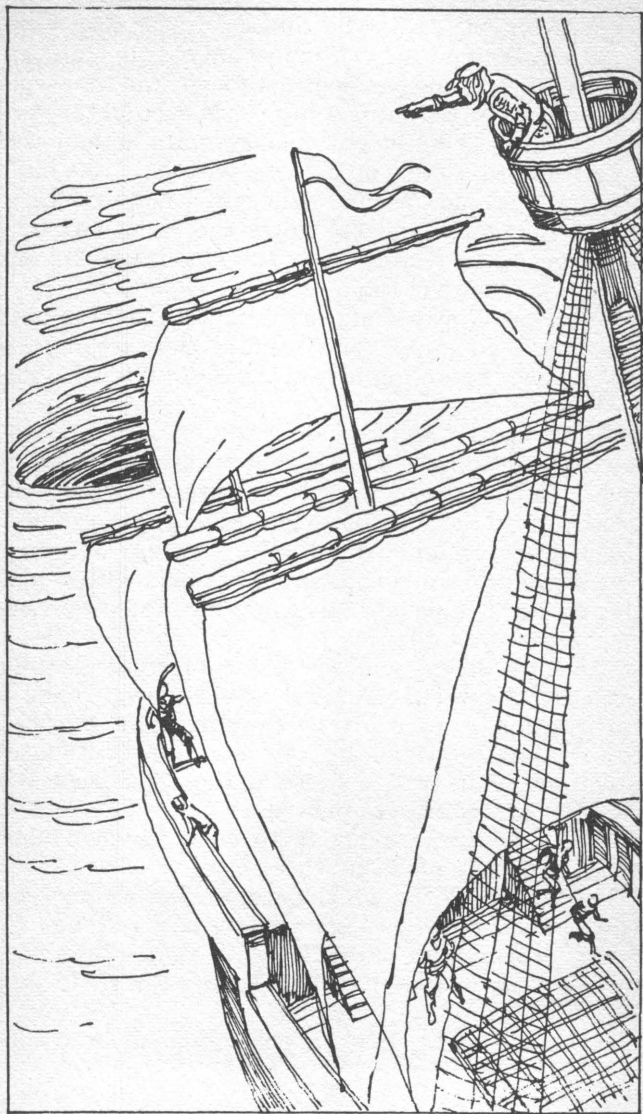
For several minutes, you stare at the low-lying haze on the horizon. It looks, as far as you can make out, like a mild rainsquall.

"What see you?" calls Captain Karyzzal from his post at the helm.

"I'm not sure," you reply. "I think it's just a small storm."

"Can you stay up there awhile and keep your eyes peeled?" he shouts back. "Can't be too careful in these waters."

"Sure."



For an hour, the ship glides eastward, the gray haze gradually filling the horizon in front of you. Unlike a normal storm, this one does not move, and that worries you. After scanning a full circle around the vessel, you direct your attention once again to the haze.

For the first time, you notice a pattern in the haze ahead. The clouds seem to swirl with a slow, majestic grace. Suddenly, you recognize the same swirling pattern on the water below the cloud, and understand the nature of the haze.

"Whirlpool!" you shout to the captain, hoping that the warning does not come too late. But already, the turbulence is starting to pull the *Jolly Widow* along with exceptional force.

"Hard aport!" Captain Karyzzal orders, spinning hard on the helm. The little ship keels over violently as her rudder directs a left turn, but the current and growing wind pull the ship forward.

The crew scrambles into the rigging, dropping some sails and shifting others. The mast, with you at the top, lurches sickeningly from side to side, and the water grows rougher.

Glancing down, you see the captain struggling with the wheel. The awesome force of the whirlpool is threatening to pull control of the ship from his grasp. Seeing that the rest of the crew is occupied with vital functions, you swiftly descend the rope from the crow's nest and race to the helm.

"Thanks," Karyzzal grunts through clenched teeth as he strains to hold the wheel.

The suction of the whirlpool thunders around you now, and the *Jolly Widow* fairly races along. Together, you and Captain Karyzzal fight the wheel, trying to turn just enough to spring the little ship free of the clutching current.

Make a fighting check by rolling one die and add-

ing the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to **141**. If it is less, turn to **7**.

Remember, you can add experience points to your total before you roll the die, but you must subtract any points used from your Character Stats Card.

205

“At least that decision has been made for us,” you think. You now have only one course of action available to you, and that is to move straight down the corridor.

The tunnel winds through many confusing turns, and often branches in several different directions. Dargo seems to have a destination, however, so you trust the dog’s nose to lead you after whatever opened the door to allow your escape.

The occasional torches that light the tunnels cast flickering shadows around you, but you pay little attention. Ahead now, you can see that the tunnel opens into a wide cavern that seems to be lit more brightly.

Dargo reaches the entrance to the cavern and stops suddenly. You and Silvara catch up quickly, and halt just as quickly.

The room before you is large and well lit. It is filled with creatures of a type you have never seen before. They resemble monkeys, with huge, hairy faces and long, gangly limbs.

As Fizban catches up to you, panting, one of the creatures picks up a sword and moves toward you. Turn to **6**.

206

You sense, even as you make the attack, that you are too weak to win this fight. The draconian easily slips aside and lashes its barbed tail around to strike

you heavily in the chest. You slam to the deck, and for a moment, everything goes black. You lose 4 hit points.

By the time you recover your senses, you see that Silvara has also been subdued by one of the giant draconians, the same one you just saw lift its bloody jaws from the throat of the last sailor you saw alive.

The big draconian that just defeated you jerks you roughly to your feet and binds your hands behind you. The creature does the same to Silvara, while the other rousts the napping Fizban from his standard position on the foredeck. The old mage apparently slept through the entire battle!

"We made them pay," you mutter to Silvara, noting with grim satisfaction that only two draconians seem to have survived the battle.

"But for what?" she asks, hopelessly. You have to admit that you do not know.

In a few minutes the Highlord ship has pulled alongside, and a group of draconians—smaller in stature than the ones that attacked you—herd you aboard. Coarse, clawed hands throw you, Silvara, Fizban, and even the battered Dargo, into a musty hold.

With a clang and a thump, the hatch above you is locked, and you stare bleakly at your dark, imprisoning surroundings. Turn to 4.

207

You awaken slowly, and find to your anger that your hands have been securely bound behind your back. Your feet have been shackled, and you see that your companions have been likewise bound. Dargo has even been muzzled.

Abruptly, you are jerked to your feet, and for the first time you notice your captors. Several huge draconians stand around you, each garbed in a distinctive red uniform. Turn to 50.

You realize that, without the aid of magic, your crew will have a tough time fighting these mysterious flying draconians. And you think you have the right spell for this fight.

"*Garickk multhane crepian!*" You chant the magic words for your Slow spell, hoping that it will have the desired effect.

Fully half the draconians are caught in its area and are magically compelled to slow the movement of their limbs. As you hoped, this slowing prevents their wings from beating fast enough to keep them airborne, and six draconians plunge into the sea just short of the *Black Skull*. Mark off a spell from your Character Stats Card.

The other six are undeterred, however, and land along the deck, immediately leaping to the attack. Dargo and Silvara fight together before you, and quickly dispatch one of the monsters.

Another rushes at you, his scaly, dragonlike mouth spread wide in a fearful grimace. You see immediately that these draconians are bigger than any you have encountered before, an ominous sign that yet another breed of these savage soldiers of evil has joined the ranks of the dragonarmies.

As the hulking monsters close in, you slash forward with Quicksilver. The creature closest to you dodges nimbly aside and viciously swipes a clawed hand across your face.

Mark off 4 hit points of damage from your Character Stats Card.

Staggering backward, you prepare for another attack. The monster, sensing victory, closes in.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 20 or more, go to **183**. If it is 19 or less, turn to **196**.



209

You decide that the chances of winning this fight are too slim—you or one of your companions might be fatally wounded in the attempt. With resignation, you approach the gates of the hulking prison.

Turn to **155**.

210

Stealthily you work your way into the draconian outpost. Creeping along the ground, you move alone. In a slight variation on Silvara's plan, your three companions wait several hundred feet behind you, ready to rush forward at the first sign of trouble.

You sight the lone draconian that stands guard, and wait until the creature moves away from you. Then, you glide forward toward the well.

Roll a die and add the result to your perception skill score. If the total is 19 or more, turn to **39**. If it is less, turn to **20**.

211

You have no difficulty finding the trail that Warren described. Although the path is very narrow and climbs steeply, you are grateful for the knowledge that it is not guarded.

For several days you work your way upward. The terrain grows more forbidding with each step. Huge cracked rocks jut from the barren landscape, and

boiling black smoke fills the skies. Ahead of you, the summit of the volcano looms like a gigantic nightmare, spewing ash, smoke, and fire constantly.

Turn to 126.

212

Quicksilver slices forward and slashes deep into the neck of the draconian before you. The monster staggers back, mortally wounded, and you turn to face the two monsters to your rear.

Dargo and Silvara are tangling with one, and the other charges you at full speed. Raising your sword, you prepare to meet the charge.

Roll a die and add the result to your fighting skill score. If the total is 21 or more, turn to 17. If it is less, turn to 13.

213

The door to the teleportation room springs open at a touch, revealing a small chamber with no furniture. Opposite the door in the middle of the wall, a golden area of light shimmers, seeming to expand and contract rhythmically.

"That must be the teleporter," guesses Silvara. The elfmaid turns to you. "Will you come with me, Gilthanas?"

"Of course," you reply. "This isn't over yet."

"Thank you," she replies simply, but happiness shines from her eyes.

"I think I'll stay here for a while," grunts Fizban. "The Shadowpeople will probably need my help. I think Dargo can stay here, too."

Extending a quick look of sympathy to Greer, you bid your old friend and the Shadowpeople farewell. Turning, with Silvara's arm in yours, you step through the gate of the teleporter room.

For a moment the world whirls crazily, but you quickly find yourselves standing on a lush carpet of soft grass. A grove of stately trees surrounds you.

Catching a glimmer of shining gold among the leaves, you watch carefully. Slowly, a huge shape emerges from the trees. You stand before a gold dragon, larger than any dragon you have ever seen.

"Greetings," says the creature, in a deep, yet soft voice. "Welcome to the Isle of Dragons."

214

For several days, Silvara, Fizban, Dargo, and you grow hungry and thirsty in the hold of the minotaur vessel. You begin to give up hope, when you hear the unmistakable creaking of another ship drawing near.

In moments, the hatch opens and several brawny minotaurs leap into the hold. "Up now," one of them growls. "And no funny stuff!"

Prodding you up the narrow ladder, they force you onto the deck where you stand blinking at the bright sun. As your eyes become accustomed to the light, you see the huge warship towering alongside the minotaur corsair.

Staring down at you from the deck of the warship is the hideously masked face of a Dragon Highlord.

A ladder drops to the pitching deck of the minotaur vessel, and several draconians—the lizardlike dragonmen who serve the Highlords—scramble down. Rough, scaly hands propel you and the other captives up the ladder, and you soon stand before the Highlord in his grotesque mask.

"You look like a fascinating assortment of prisoners," he declares, his mouth curling into an evil sneer. "It will be interesting to see how much you fetch in the slave markets of Sanction!"

The minotaur captain grins up at you from the deck

of his ship. He holds a lumpy bag—no doubt his reward for turning you over to the Highlord. Then, once again, you are dragged to a hatchway in the deck of an enemy ship and shoved ungently into the murky darkness of an empty hold. Turn to 4.

215

Ducking immediately, you hear the battle-ax whistle over your head. With an evil leer, the draconian tries to pull it around for another blow.

But your strike comes too swiftly. The leer still locked onto its face, the draconian staggers back, stabbed in the chest with a mortal wound. The creature topples slowly to the ground. Instantly, you spin away, driving at a draconian that threatens Silvara with an ugly pike. Quicksilver puts a fast end to the ugly menace.

Turning to look for another opponent, you realize that the few surviving draconians are racing away. No doubt, they will soon return with reinforcements.

But by that time the eggs will be gone.

Moving back down the corridor with Silvara, Greer, and Fizban, you see the tail end of the column of Shadowpeople, disappearing through the secret door with the last of the eggs.

Stepping through the door, you turn and watch Greer close and seal it. Turning toward you, he motions you and your group away from the door.

"I will close this passage, so that the Little Dragons cannot follow," he communicates.

For the first time, you notice that the corridor is supported by several wooden beams. A system of ropes connects to the beams, allowing their removal.

The Shadowwarrior pulls hard on the key rope, forcing the beams to slide away. Tons of rock crash from the ceiling, completely blocking the passage

from the secret door.

"They cannot follow us now." Greer looks at Silvara. "We will keep your eggs safe until you and your people can return for them."

The elfmaid's eyes shine with gratitude. Within them, you catch a small glimpse of the power that lurks within her.

Greer leads you and your party up to the surface to a barren area near the outskirts of Sanction.

Looking to you, Silvara speaks in confident tones. "The oath of the good dragons is no longer binding. I will fly to the Isle of Dragons, carrying word of the Dark Queen's deceit. I am certain, then, that my brothers and sisters—all the dragons of good—will join you in your fight against the Dark Queen.

"Together we will win this war, and rid the face of Krynn from the scourge of the dragonarmies!"

Even before she finishes her last words, Silvara has begun an awesome transformation. As you look on, horrified, the figure of the elven woman you love changes slowly into a huge dragon, its silver scales glistening in the eerie light under the Lords of Doom.

"Didn't you hear that, young man?" growls Fizban. "*Together* you'll fight that war. Now, get up on that dragon. Go on! Don't worry—I'll take care of Dargo. We'll go fishing, or goatherding, or something."

You hesitate for a moment, your mind whirling and your heart protesting, but you heave a deep sigh and leap onto the dragon's back as she spreads her powerful wings to take off for the Isle of Dragons.

216

Moving quickly, now that you have a definite objective, you make your way through the twisting streets and alleys toward the dragonlike temple to the



northeast. For several hours you move steadily, hoping that your sense of direction is accurate.

And it is. You finally emerge from the slums to be confronted by the searing heat of a lava river, cutting its fiery swath through the edge of the city. On the far side, high on the slope of the volcano, looms the sinister temple.

"There's a bridge," announces Silvara, pointing to a stone structure a few hundred feet away.

"Perhaps if we melt into the crowd, we can reach the bridge and cross," you suggest.

You see that many creatures, of numerous races, pass freely back and forth across the bridge. The only objectives on the far side seem to be the temple and several sprawling military camps.

Crossing over the bridge, which is quite hot beneath your feet, you make your way around the camps, toward the gaping doors of the temple. Despite the number of people and creatures of all description moving in and out, there does not seem to be a guard. Obviously, the Highlords in their arrogance expect no intruder so close to the heart of the realm.

Vowing to make them regret this casual attitude, you and your companions walk brazenly through the gates of the temple. Turn to 104.

217

Early the next morning, you and Silvara begin making preparations for your overland trek. You visit the shop of a mapmaker you know and purchase a parchment map displaying many hidden passes over the nearby Vingaard Mountains. The map will enable you to cross the range away from the concentrated armies of the Dragon Highlords.

Meanwhile, Silvara gathers provisions and heavy clothing. Even though spring has come to Palanthus,

you know that the high reaches of the mountains will still be locked in winter's grip.

You and Silvara will each carry a heavy backpack, and even Dargo will bear a pair of loaded "saddlebags." Until you can eat some of your food stockpiles and discard the heaviest items of clothing, the journey will be quite slow.

The preparations take a single day, and you sleep soundly that night, wondering how long it will be before you again lie in a bed. Turn to 3.



218

Quicksilver bites into the scrawny chest of the mage before his spell erupts. Gasping on his own blood, the evil human falls backward and dies.

You see that Fizban has somehow slain the cleric, and the silver dragon—Silvara—is raising its blood-spattered jaws from the broken neck of the red dragon.

As you watch, she reverts gradually to her elfmaid form. Tired and worn, she turns to you, her eyes pained with the same awful sadness you feel welling in the pit of your stomach.

"I shall fly to the Isle of Dragons," she says, in a tone that quashes your arguments before they leave your lips, "and carry the word of this betrayal. Soon, I shall return with legions of my sisters and brothers. We will carry the eggs to safety, and destroy this temple of corruption.

"And then," she concludes, "the might of the good dragons will join you in the war against the dragon-armies!"

"Silvara," you say quietly, conscious that Fizban and the others are watching and listening, "I will go with you. We will fight the evil on Krynn together."

Silvara looks to you, her eyes piercing through you as she makes her decision. When you reach a barren area outside the temple, she transforms herself once again into a giant silver dragon, and says in a steady voice, "Climb up, Gilthanas." As you climb onto the back of Silvara—Dargent—the silver dragon, you hear the old mage calling Dargo to his side, saying, "Come here, fella. I need you to help me with a little, uh, fishing . . . or was that goatherding I was doing? Anyhow, come on, boy."

As the silver dragon's huge wings spread and you are lifted in flight, you turn to wave your thanks to the Shadowpeople. Out of the corner of the eye, you see Fizban wink meaningfully in your direction, and you wave to him, too.

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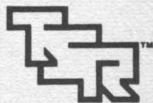
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